



NOV 16
35p monthly

SPECIAL STAR WARS ISSUE

THE HOUSE OF

HAMMER

PSYCHO STABBING
-THE TRUTH

SHANDOR
DEMON STALKER

RABID

DEATH TRAP

TO BE WON -
TOP
QUALITY

200

STAR WARS

MASKS

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Illustrated adaptation of 1958 *Dracula*, Kronos. Lee biography & filmography. 1930s FX. *Brothers Horror*, etc.



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HoH3 45p
Curse of Frankenstein Part 2: Night of the Living Dead. The Frankenstein Gallery, Hollywood. Horrors. Cheney.



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Legend of the Seven Golden Vampires strip. Mexican Masters, Oriental Horrors. Undersea Horrors. Cheney.



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Quatermass Pt 2, Carrie Kong (1931), Seizure. Scum, De Palma. Living Dead At Manchester.



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Curse of the Werewolf strip. Close Encounters, Son of Satan, Fu Manchu. Son of Kong.



HoH11 45p
Gorgon strip Part 1, Harryhausen's Hacks, Cushing's Dracula, Wards. Sinbad, Zoltan, Bambi Offerings.



HoH12 45p
Gorgon strip Part 2. Heretic, Blood City. Winchester. Genet, 1933. Invisible Men, Face of Frankenstein, etc.



HoH13 45p
Plague of Zombies strip. Star Wars, Unearthly. Paris Festival, People That Time Forgot, Godzilla, Zombies.



HoH14 45p
Million Years BC strip. John Carmine. Romero on Merse - review. AudreyHore. Dinosaur Film. Part 2.

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July 1978

Editorial

Ever having new ideas and new approaches to **House of Hammer**, we've crowded our fingers and tried a somewhat experimental look to this issue.

On our cover an action scene from the new space fantasy smash **Star Wars**. (But fear not **Leeds-lovers**, Brian will be back next month gracing our cover with another of his bright and beautiful paintings.)

Regulars will also notice we're not kicking off with a comic strip film adaptation this month either. Instead, our look is from of and behind the scenes of **Star Wars**.

But before the correct films among you weep with despair, check out page 23.

By an overwhelming majority of favourable mail, you've begged for the return of **Father Shander**, our **Dracula**, **Prince of Darkness** hero, last seen in **Hulk**. So, as we've no actual Hammer adaptation, we're giving you the next best thing with our spin-off **Demon Stalker**.

In fact, this could well be our best issue yet when you look at the rest of our con-

ten. An interview with head of Hammer films, Michael Carreras, a science fiction film companion, a look back at some really rare storyboards from **Psycho**, top-selling fantasy film book author David Price (**Heritage of Honor**, **The Vampire Cinema**), on **Tobe** (**Texas Chain-Saw Massacre**) Hooper's new film **Death Trap**, plus just about everything else you'd expect from the award-winning **House of Hammer** (more on that next issue, if we've got the space!). And talking about **Hulk**! If, it will feature our 15 page adaptation of Hammer's **Vampire Circus**, Michael Carreras on Hammer's upcoming fantasy film, a look at Ray Harryhausen storyboards (to follow this month's piece on Saul Bass storyboards), plus lots, lots more.

See you in thirty

Raymond

Editor

HOUSE OF HAMMER



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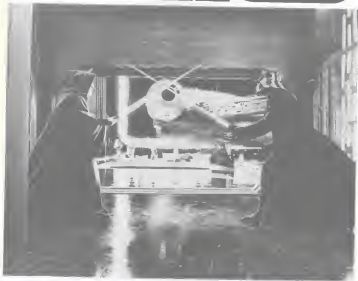
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STAR WARS



Following **HoH13's** preview, our in-depth look at the science fantasy smash hit movie.

The first and inevitable question one is going to ask about *Star Wars* is—"Is it as amazing as all the overkill press-release publicity suggests?" Well, the answer to that, for once, is *yes*. It is an amazing movie. Whether or not it's a great movie is debatable but it is definitely a visual masterpiece, full of moments that had me gaping with astonishment—scenes I've pictured in the mind's eye when reading science fiction but which I never expected to see put on the screen.

I must admit that *Star Wars* had me enthralled for most of its running time of 2 hours and 1 minute, it was only afterwards that quibbles and doubts began to percolate through my mind. For me the main problem is the story itself—set in a corrupt autogalactic Empire come at the past it involves a young man called Luke Skywalker who leaves his uncle's farm on a small, arid planet to help rescue a rebel princess and aid her in her fight against the Empire.

The Princess Leia had been carrying vital information about the Empire's most powerful weapon, the Death Star (a space vehicle the size of a small moon which is capable of destroying whole planets) to her rebel friends at their secret base when she had been captured by Darth Vader, a black-clad super villain in the service of the Empire. But before being captured she had managed to slip the information into a small robot called Artoo Deetoo who resembles a walking coffee pot. Accompanied by another robot called See-Three-go, all glimmering gold with an English accent and camp mannerisms, Artoo lands on Luke's home planet to seek out an old friend of the Princess called Ben Kenobi, now living as an hermit but one time Knight of the Jedi—a Force for good in the galaxy in days past.

The robots encounter Luke along the way who helps them to reach Kenobi, who in turn enlists Luke's aid in rescuing the Princess, informing Luke that his father was also a Knight of the Jedi. Luke, Kenobi and the robots then journey to the nearest settlement where, after brushes with both the Imperial guards and the alien thugs who inhabit the place, hire the services of young space pirate called Han Solo and his faster-than-light space ship. They then travel through hyper-space towards the Princess's home world of Alderaan but find nothing but fragments when they arrive—the Death Star has already destroyed it.

Meanwhile, on board the massive vehicle, the evil Grand Moff Tarkin, Governor of the Imperial Outland regions, is trying, without success, to extract the location of the secret rebel base from the Princess. Solo's ship is then captured and brought on board the Death Star but Luke, Solo and his co-pilot Chewbacca—a tall, ape-like creature—manage, after bawling many



The start of it all—Artoo Deetoo and See-Three-go watch helplessly—and quietly, for once—as Peter Cushing's overtoppers read the Rebel Blockade Runner. Soon enough, help is at hand in the unlikely shape(s) of pilot Han Solo (Mark Hamill) and his co-pilot Chewbacca (Peter Mayhew), for right





of the Imperial Marines, to rescue the Princess and get her back to the ship. Then, thanks to Kenobi sacrificing himself in a laser-sword duel with Darth Vader, they succeed in breaking out of the Death Star and head for the rebel base. But they are unaware that a homing device has been placed on board and they are unwittingly leading the Death Star straight to the rebels. However the plans Artoo is carrying enable the rebels to discover the one weak spot in the planet-destroyer's defences—a small vent in a catpoo-like crevice on the Death Star's surface which leads straight down into its atomic core—and devise a plan to destroy it. The last ten minutes of the film are taken up in a climactic battle as the rebel space ships attempt to fight their way through the Death Star's numerous defences and fire a torpedo into the vent...

All of which is pretty banal as far as story and characters are concerned—the plot could have been lifted from a low quality, science-fiction pulp magazine of the 1930s, or from a comic strip of the same period—and the whole thing is really on the level of the old Flash Gordon serials. But that isn't surprising seeing as that was





Wounded not out: Chewbacca, the costumed Wookiee (played by giant London hospital porter Peter Mayhew) complains that Solo's Millennium Falcon gives starship and gets pretty mean if you treat him at live-fire. — He deeply rubs his fur the wrong way

the attention of *Star Wars*' writer and director George Lucas. He originally wanted to make a new film version of Flash Gordon but couldn't obtain the rights to the character so instead he wrote a script that included practically every favourite moment of his in a comic strip, or old film or book.

"It's the nonsense and gerson from the period when I was 12," he said. "The plot is simple—good against evil—and the film is designed to be all the fun things and fantasy things I remember. The word for this movie is fun."

A statement like this from a film-maker practically disarms all serious criticism beforehand—one can't, for instance, accuse him of writing simple-minded dialogue when that is exactly what he set out to do (Harrison Ford, who plays Solo, said: "There were times when I issued a threat to tie George up and make him repeat his own dialogue.") Nor can one complain about gaping holes in the plot or credibility-stretching coincidences or any other flaws when Lucas maintains it just meant to be a *fun* story.

One is therefore not justified in asking why the universe seems to be ruled only by human beings (and of the white variety) despite the existence of other alien races, or what the mysterious Force is that the Knights of Jedi are able to utilize, or what happened to Kenobi when he disappeared during the duel with Darth Vader, or why the designers of the Death Star would leave such an obvious chink in its armour as that conveniently-placed exhaust vent, and so on.

As Lucas willingly admits, *Star Wars* has been cobbled together from a wide variety of different *genre* sources, thus we get such favourite old western clichés as the scene where Luke returns to the old homestead to find it on fire and his family massacred, and the sequence in the alien saloon which mirrors countless similar ones in Hollywood westerns, including even the traditional brush with a bounty hunter—and in other sections of *Star Wars* we get what amounts to a futuristic pastiche of movies about the Second World War.

Grand Moff Tarkin (played by Peter Cushing) the embodiment of every evil Nazi officer to appear on the screen, and the climactic battle is really just *The Dawn Battles in Outer Space*. In fact all the space battles in the film were choreographed from footage of WW 2 aerial dogfights which, visually, work very well if one forgets that the space craft would be moving too fast to duplicate the manoeuvres of WW2 aircraft (in a real space battle you probably wouldn't even see your opponent, much less chase him around the sky at a distance of a few hundred feet).

Other sources of *Star Wars* include *The Wizard of Oz*—the golden robot Threepio is an updated version of the Tin Man and Chewbacca is really the Cowardly Lion—and Walt Disney's *Snow White* as Princess



Leia has a more than passing resemblance to Snow White (the same hair style, for instance) and the little robot Artoo is one of her loyal dwarfs. As for Darth Vader (played by David Prowse, a Hammer film regular) he's a cross between a James Bond villain and Marvel Comics' Dr Doom.

But Lucas has mixed all the various ingredients together very skilfully and, as he intended, the result is fun (there's also a nice line of humour running through the film) yet one can't help wishing that all the magnificent sets, effects and technical expertise and talent that went into the making of *Star Wars* hadn't been used to make something a little more original. Like most of the new young film makers Lucas seems obsessed with nostalgia—instead of making new films the trend is to make the old films, but better. With THX 1138 Lucas proved he can make a sophisticated and intelligent of movie, so, despite its technical brilliance, *Star Wars* represents something of a backward step.

But all that is just quibbling, I suppose, because one has to credit Lucas for putting real space opera on the screen at last (*This Island Earth* and, particularly, *Forbidden Planet* came close in the 1950s) and thanks to his familiarity with sf traditions



Poster pose. Mark Hamill covers his escape to Han Solo's *Corsair* starship, striking the pose that made the million-dollar selling *Star Wars* picture. His mission is rescue Princess Leia, played by Carrie Fisher, daughter of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, and an old hand at sf-hungers. Her first film, *Shogun*, had her at the mercy of... Warren Beatty

it's the nearest a film maker has come to cinematically realising the settings, hardware, landscapes and other elements that have been the prime ingredients of so much written of since the 1930s.

One certainly can't quibble at all about the special effects in *Star Wars* which are truly remarkable and were achieved by a large team of people in both America and England. It's really the first time since 1901: *A Space Odyssey* that models have been used so impressively. Never, during the film, does one get the feeling that one is watching miniatures; all the space vehicles appear huge (particularly the *Death Star* itself which seems to have the dimensions of a small moon).

This general impression of size is established in the opening sequence of the film when a shot of the underside of a vast Imperial cruiser dominates the screen, giving one an idea of what a fish must experience when the *Ark Royal* passes overhead (the shot is so stunning it provokes audiences to break into spontaneous applause, as does a later shot showing what it might be like to suddenly start moving at faster-than-light speed).

In charge of the model photography was John Dykstra, a young effects man who had



Battle stations: Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, Chewbacca and HGH (Her Galactic Highness) Princess Leia discuss their options in escaping the dreaded Death Star. Not so difficult as it seems. Han Solo (Harrison Ford, from George Lucas' previous smash film MR. AMERICAN GRABFISH) is a mean hard-on for marshy ornaments...





previously worked with Douglas Trumbull on *The Andromeda Strain* and *Silent Running*. For 8 months he and his team of assistants worked as a Californian warehouse, which they'd transformed into an effects studio, producing 163 different effect shots for *Star Wars*—an incredible feat when one compares it to the 2 years it took the 2001 team to achieve the 35 effect shots in that film, and when one considers that sometimes one shot involved up to ten different image components (starry background, planet, various space ships, laser flashes, explosions etc) all of which had to be photographed separately and then combined on one piece of film.

The difference between the effects in 2001 and *Star Wars* centres on the fact that for the former picture its director, Stanley Kubrick, decided against using any of the automatic matting processes available, such as the blue screen system, because, though quick they often result in visible fringe lines around the model (the bright light from the background screen etc. be reflected by the edges of the model thus, in the case of a blue screen, producing a blue halo around the outline of the model in the completed composite).

So what Kubrick had his effects men do was *hand-matte* each model shot—in other words for each frame of film showing, say, a space ship gliding past a background of stars a hand-drawn matte was used to block out the stars behind the ship and thus prevent the stars showing through the

model in a *double-exposure* when the two films were combined. This technique gets the best results but is generally very time-consuming, so Dykstra decided to return to the blue screen process despite its drawbacks (the system creates automatic mattes through a complicated photographic process—for a more comprehensive explanation see my book *Movie Magic*).

Dykstra's main improvement to the process was to cut the risk of the model reflecting any blue light by using only part of the blue screen—the immediate area around the model—and blocking out the rest. This resulted in clear, sharp mattes lines around the models without any of the usual blue fuzziness, enabling him to achieve a realism equal to Kubrick's but much more quickly.

Another of Dykstra's innovations was to link his effects camera up with a computer. As a rule an effects camera has to be kept as motionless as possible when recording the various elements for a composite shot in order to prevent a "jiggling" effect in the finished scene, which is why in 2001 all the effects shots are static, with the models all filmed from a fixed camera position. But the computer enabled the camera to be placed in *exactly* the same position each time a run-through of an effects shot was repeated, which meant that Dykstra was able to move the effects camera as much he wanted, knowing that the computer's memory would duplicate the same movements as many times as needed. The result



Disguise Clad in keyhole stormtroopers' action-movie fan-suits, our heroes Luke and Han—with the omnipresent See-Threepio—squabble over rescue plans... and snuggle (left) in the maw of the Death Star's garbage disposal system. A garbage-eating *Disposal*, in fact... or one *troopie* and one *eye*, until it is improved upon for one of the film's expected numerous sequels.



is that, in *Star Wars*, the camera moves with the models, giving the impression in the space battles that some of the action is being filmed from another space ship thus greatly enhancing the realism.

While Dylstra and his team were working in Hollywood the rest of the *Star Wars* unit was working at the Elstree film studios in England, and also in Tunisia which stood in for Luke's desert world of Tatooine. In charge of the mechanical effects (that is, the effects involving the full-size sets, the robots, full-scale explosions and so on) was British effects man John Stears who worked on many of the earlier

James Bond films like *Dr No* and *You Only Live Twice*.

One of his most impressive achievements in *Star Wars* was the creation of Luke's anti-gravity car which appears to be suspended in mid-air. The illusion was created by having the light, fibre-glass vehicle supported in different areas each time it was shown on the screen—therefore if the front of the vehicle was on screen the support was out of camera range at the back, and when the side of the car was shown the support was on the opposite side etc (several vehicles were constructed for use in different camera angles). And when the car

is shown moving, in a couple of sequences, with no support visible, entirely in long shot, this was achieved by matting out its under-carriage and replacing it with desert background, all of which was hand-painted for each frame of film, including the car's shadow.

Stears also created the laser swords (referred to as lightsabres) used by Kenobi, Luke and Darth Vader which he achieved by coating revolving rods with a highly reflective material that bounces back light aimed at it with increased intensity (similar to the material used on front projection screens) though in some scenes the light sabres were



Here. And villain Mark Hamill as director George Lucas' alter-ego here, Luke (as in Lucas, get it?) Skywalker, a young farmboy suddenly rearing his dream-prince-as-like we all dream we'd do one day. Along the way, he takes on all comers, including the Tashen Raiders.



optically produced (that is, superimposed onto the film later).

Also very impressive are the enormous and spectacular sets in the film, all of which were designed by British production designer John Barry and were built at Elstree Studios (one particularly large set was constructed within the big 'H' stage at Shepperton Studios).

It was up to Lucas to combine all these different components, shot in different parts of the world at different times, into one complex and apparently seamless movie (in this he was aided by his wife Marcia Lucas who helped edit the picture).

and this he certainly succeeded in doing. Whatever my personal reservations about the story I have to admit that *Star Wars* is

a landmark in the history of the cinema, and of the science-fiction/fantasy cinema in particular. ■

STAR WARS (1977)

Mark Hamill (as Luke Skywalker), Harrison Ford (Han Solo), Carrie Fisher (Princess Leia Organa), Peter Cushing (Grand Moff Tarkin), Alec Guinness (Ben Kenobi), Anthony Daniels (C-3PO), Kenny Baker (Artoo-Detoo), Peter Mayhew (Chewbacca), David Prowse (Lord Darth Vader).

Written and Directed by George Lucas.

Produced by Gary Kurtz, Production Design by John Barry, Director of Photography Gilbert Taylor, Music by John Williams, Special Photographic Effects Supervised by John Dykstra, Special Production and Mechanical Effects Supervised by John Stears, Film Editors Paul Hirsch, Marcia Lucas and Richard Chew, A Lucasfilm Ltd Production, Released by Twentieth Century-Fox. Time: 121 mins. Cert: U.

Media Macabre

The Yetis are Coming

Hold your sharks, whales, bears, bees and other fantastical animal monster tales. The abominable snowman is coming out of the deep freeze to curlle your TE blood. And this Italian-made snowman is none too happy about it. He has an American rival to contend with from another Italian producer at that — the unluckiest out of all.

In the left corner: Rome producer Nicola Pannella of Stefano Films and his baby, *Yeti* — Big Foot.

And in the right (not necessarily correct) corner, Italian producer Dino De Laurentis, now of Los Angeles, and his latest monster enterprise, *Yeti* — *The Abominable Snowman*.

A year and a month ago Dino, of course was caught in a similar double-exposure battle over *King Kong*. As he announced his project, Universal announced theirs. Dino took umbrage and nearly went to court over it. That time, he won. Though now he probably wishes he hadn't, following the less than sensational business of his wildly-over-hyped Kong. He's learned very little, though. Hence, he's refusing to pull out of the *Yeti* race.

Indeed it seems that Signor Pannella is the fellow who has benefited most by Dino's luckless experiences in the monster field. Like Dino with *Kong*, Pannella has started shooting first, far distance (in snowy locations in Canada). Unlike Dino, however, Pannella did not begin production until he had his yeti monster made — and an fully electronic working order. Also unlike Dino, Pannella has not kept his creation under wraps, but shows it off, with some justifiable pride, to Rome newsman. Big bladders they are — 25 foot tall. Yet, not just one yeti — two of them.

And why two, you ask. Not another sequel in the offing before the original is even seen safely N, or, at least, not as yet. "I am shooting two different

endings," explains Nicola Pannella. "In one of them, my yeti is destroyed." And not at the behest of Dino De Laurentis, or so he's trusting. We wish him well. He's got some cheek, after all. Fighting Dino, in much the same fashion as Dino then the brush Hollywood newcomer, took on Universal and City Hall. And won. There's a monster of a moral in that someplace!

Joins the WWVs and Churney's 1915 debut *The Mystery of the Leaping Fish* all the way through *The Monster, The Unholy Three, Phantom of the Opera, Dracula and Miracles For Sale*. MGM and various Ecto-archives helped provide the films—it would be great to see them again in a National Film Theatre season. Pretty please? In the competition, Yugoslav

went to Guido Henderson's Belgian feature *Experts of Evil* and Otto Faly's animated *Scenes With Beams* from Hungary. Ruzma nabbed the event's first ever musical soundtrack trophy for Isaac Shvartz's *The Flight of Mr. Makkenley*.

But old Tad and Lan stole everyone's thunder.

Wizard News

Ralph Bakshi's *Wizards* — somewhat based in the *Star Wars* triumph — has been nominated for the first-ever "best animated suspense feature" awards of the International Animated Film Society.

TV Star Wake

Coming your way shortly on your friendly neighborhood TV network—*Star Cop*. A sort of science-fiction Kojak with, for once, a successful robot sidekick. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Serling's Farewell

Gone but not forgotten. The late host/creator of *Twilight Zone* and *Night Gallery* Rod Serling has had his final script, *Pender's People*, hit the suddenly all-controversial screen. Serling's scenario adapts Lord Dunsay's book about an inventor making a replica of himself which continues reproducing itself until he has a veritable robot army. Man behind the movie is bit of course George Pal, alas.

SF's Best Pal

As the star-wake pattern continues apace in Hollywood, George Pal looks on in sceptical mood. Well, he has seen it all before. "But I hope none of the science fiction pictures will flop, because then they'll say 'See, science fiction is a flash in the pan.' Not Pal's pan. His best two classics *When Worlds Collide* (1951) and *The War of the Worlds* (1953) are being reissued by Paramount, and he's turning Robert Bloch's *The Days of the Comet* into a Paramount



Poster Art — Harry Novak
Division No. 2. Go. Darius—

that which The Church Argues,
Sweden will never let us forget.

Trieste Fest

Everyone was talking about it. What else? But *Star Wars* was sight unseen at the 10th Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival—the granddaddy of sci movie festivals. No matter. The organizers had a real treat in store: a unique retrospective of Tod Browning and Lan Chaney covering 1914-1939. From in fact director Browning's actual acting debut in the ten-minute *Bill*

snatched top honors from *Wizards* and subtitle *The Rat Summer*, an allegorical number by Kristo Papic won the Golden Asteroid award. The Golden Seal went to Italy's short *Fanabiblical* by Guido Manic. Silver Asteroid acting awards were picked up by David Redigan in Anthony Trafford's British short *The Woop Reaction*—and Kate Reid in Canada's *The Ugly Little Boy*, based on the Isaac Asimov story by Dan Thompson and Barry Morse. Special awards

Media Macabre

Max Rosenberg

producer of the old Amicus films, and more recently the Burroughs trilogy of *Earth's Core* & *Time Fungus* movies, has a new film under way, his 48th

Entitled *The Incredible Melting Man*, Columbia Film Distributors describe it as a "space shocker." It seems somewhat similar to Hammer's first *Quater* mass in concept. An astronaut returns to Earth, but has contracted a terrible disease

which causes his flesh to liquify. Effects are by Rick Baker, who handled both the *Exorcist* and *King Kong*. Co-producer is Sam [Carpenter] Selman, ex-United Artists.



mini-TV-series. He's also preparing for *The Return of the Time Machine*, a sequel to his 1960 *Time Machine*. "I rescued of those huge budgets," says Phil. His *Time Machine* cost \$800,000—which would cover Robert Redford's acting expenses on a movie today.

Jaws Ache

Jaws-to-scenarist Carl Gottlieb rushed in as script doctor for *Jaws 2*—at request of new director Jeannot Szwarc. Original script came from Howard Sackler—and Dorothy Truett, wife of sacked director John Hancock. TV note: Jeannot Szwarc directed 21 of Rod Serling's *Night Gallery* tales. Steven Spielberg made only two.

Comics Comeback

No heroes like the old heroes. Or heroines, come to that. *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*—

and of the 1940s comic strips—is among 1978's movies from United Artists. Michael Schell and David Spector are scripting for South American locations. Director and star still to be found.

Meantime *The Lone Ranger* is headed back to the screen, as well—after 2,000 radio shows, two Republic movie serials, 221 TV episodes, 78 cartoon versions and 16 novels and thousands of strips, since Detroit's Radio WXYZ started him off in 1933.

Armageddon Cont'd

Movie projects about the end of the world are not getting any fewer... Latest addition to the list of the movie equivalents of the guy walking the streets with his "End Is Nigh" sandwich boards is Larry Savadova's *This Is The Way The World Ends*. Nothing fatal, it's a documentary compilation of various disaster newscasts. Sounds like a

two-hour *News At Ten*... But as someone here says, *Armageddon* fed up of the premise!

Lady Fury

Brian De Palma sure digs (up) the ladies. Piper Laurie in *Carnia* was making her first movie in 15 years. Now in *The Fury*, De Palma re-discovers *Carnia* Soodgrass, absent from the screen since *Diary of a Mad Housewife* in 1971. An excellent actress—and being called *Carnia* probably helped De Palma remember her.

Majors Development

Won't be long before *Los Majors* /2. *The \$5 Million Dollar Man*—in the banks as well as on TV screens! The boxer star has returned for a new series after winning a better deal. Not so much for himself, but his production company, Fawcett Major Productions. Which means

of course, that this combine will help produce the Universal series, and therefore our hero will soon be picking up more than his \$35,000 a show—as well as playing other roles in tele-movies and the like. His company has made one TV movie already, *A Matter of Inconvenience*—no, it's not about his wife leaving. *Charlie's Angels*!

TV Price

Vincent Price, meantime, has completed his latest TV film—the hour-long *Death Trap*, co-directed over here by Hugh Falkus. Bill Travers and James Hill Price narrates over gruesome films of *Atropis* spiders, tiger beetle grubs—and fascinating studies of plants feeding on animal life, such as the bladderwort (no kidding) and the inevitable *Venus flytrap*. Enough to put one off gardening for life.

Nosferatu—or Three!

Hot German director Werner Herzog—among the leading new wunderkinds of the current West German cinema revival—is planning his own version of the 1922 Friedrich Murnau classic *Nosferatu*. Which in turn, of course, stems from Brian Stoker's *Dracula*. Herzog recently hypnotized the entire cast of his latest triumph, *Heart of Glass*. We doubt he'll need to do the same with his 1978 vampire... Klaus Kinski plays the title role. And to some of us, Klaus always seems hypnotized. Well, he's coasted through more bad films—Italian horror included—than most guys we know.

Cut, Cut and Away

Charles Scharer and Ray Harryhausen are beginning to mull over the possibility of a fourth *Sinbad* movie. "It might be called something like *Sinbad Goes To Mars*," says Scharer. How's he going to cut there? "That," grous Scharer, "is what we're trying to figure out." They've plenty of time to find the answer, as they're currently

Media Macabre

Donna and Jackie Every man's fantasy
One man's nightmare.



Coming on strong in Hollywood, the new First American Film combine With a fustal of

explosable items Death Game we hear, being their best Standing Clint Eastwood's current favorite co-star, Sarah Loda

developing Perseus and the Gorgon's Head, from the Greek legend of Perseus and Andromeda. Script is by Delford Grek and Latin scholar Beverly Cross, who also penned *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*. Fine — but how does a Greek and Latin scholar get Sinbad into outer space? Or is that just a silly question?

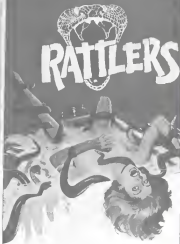
Meanwhile Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger is having censorship trouble abroad. Like in Britain, the film considered suitable for all ages in the US and Venezuela. But Egypt insisted on wiping out the film's opening

and closing Arabic prayer — checked and passed by Muslim experts in London. West Germany has cut out Patrick Wayne spearing the tiger in the climactic fight — and still banned the movie for any tots under six years. Without the spearing shearing, the film would have been banned to under-twelves.

In Brief . . .

Mark Hamill's first movie since *Star Wars* is MGM's *Stargravy*. Or it was. Robert Minkow's clip off the duped block, Chris Minkow is in a film entitled

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Poster Art — Harry Nevsk Division No. 1 Winning ad art from Harry's BanaWise Inter

national! But the rapping query remains: Does the movie live up to the art? Time alone and H&H will tell

Stargravy, too. (Makes a change from *W*.) Legal tussle ahead. Who cares? Neither film is as of as title sounds. About car chases, both.

Anyone who felt we were exaggerating about the sliced-up fate of *Exorcist II* (see *Holt* 14 & 15), think again. New Yorker Brian Camp (no kidding) writing to Variety recently, said when he caught the film — "the film's closing credits appeared right in the middle of a scene." *Perymoni*.

Humanales, the registered

copyrighted, trademark name for the creatures in AIP's *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, is no newsworthy word after all. Lou Beslow wrote and directed a Universal comedy in 1951 about dead animals reincarnated as people. Or as the title called them: *Humanales*. Another legal tussle?

Richard A. Baker: monkey-mad stuntman and the best humanal around Hollywood is the guy who begged for and got the role of King Kong in the Dino de Laurentis remake. He was, sure enough, much assisted by the



Mad Jack (Neville Brand) swings his murderous axe, he'll-be-on doing some damage to someone

Review by David Pirie

Just about everything surrounding *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, the debut movie of Tobe Hooper, has made some kind of history. Jacy anecdotes surround it like fleas: the set swam in vomit and blood, he was nearly lynched by the cast during shooting, an actress was ordered to work until she fainted from exhaustion. Even now at least one actor has sworn he will kill Hooper if he ever sees him again. The film itself became a legend: picked for the exclusive Critic's Fortnight at the Cannes Film Festival it made a small fortune and attracted controversy wherever it was shown, including a knock-down drag-out preview debate at London's National Film Theatre from which few of the participants emerged with credit. But as a film, *Texas* seemed to work in inverse proportion to the seriousness with which it was treated. Taken on any level except humour it doesn't add up to anything very much; but as a kind of souped-up horror comedy in which every character was more revolting than the next, including (especially) the victims, *Texas* was a novelty. It took the 'woman-in-jeopardy' theme about as far as it could go, and sealed in decay with all the lurid enthusiasm and relish of an EC B-movie comic.

Death Trap, Tobe Hooper's new movie was unveiled at the Cannes Film Festival in 1976 and it starts to prove the point that Hooper is far closer to William M. Gaines than George Romero. In fact all the evidence suggests that *Death Trap* was partly inspired by an EC story, a Jack Davis swamp-horror opus in the January 'Haunt of Fear' for 1954 called *Country Clubbing*. The setting and central character are identical and the film is very recognisably set in EC's decaying swamp-land, peopled with degenerate cretins, crumbling broken-down shacks and hungry alligators.

The budget is obviously low but Hooper makes up for it by the same device he used in *Texas*: of transforming the entire action into one impossibly prolonged shock/horror climax.

When some colleagues of mine turned up for the last twenty minutes, and said they were glad to see the climax, I had difficulty in explaining to them that the entire film was exactly like that. It was *all* climax!

There is no real plot to speak of. A prostitute is thrown out of the local whorehouse for not behaving herself and finds herself in the heart of the swamp-land with nowhere to go for help except to a decaying shack which turns out, laughably, to be an ancient motel. The set, specially built





Two potential victims flee in blind terror from Judd's decaying Motel.



Above left: Ray (William Fiske) is gored with the scythe and fed to the alligators. Below left: the residue of Judd's handiwork. Above: Marney Wood (Mel Ferrer) meets a grisly end

in Hollywood, looks spectacular if ugly: a dark bulk of a building surrounded by blackened trees and knee-high rust. The lecherous owner makes a meal at the girl and then wastes no time in making her the first of a long string of victims for which he utilizes anything to hand, especially his long scythe and the friendly alligator under the porch. Gradually, for unexplained reasons, other visitors arrive at the motel including an idyl couple with a repulsive child. In line with Texas few of these people have any redeeming features, and the young husband in particular is a tinorous psychotic creep. All of them fall victim to their host who gibbers and roves his way through the movie, turning up the radio in the hall to hide the screams and moving at a crouched lopping run, brandishing the sharp and lethal scythe. One woman is tied up in the small room, others fall foul (in close-up) of the scythe or the alligator. Only the little girl manages to crawl underneath the house where she remains, screaming her head off, as the alligator snaps at her more interesting limbs.

Help is at hand in the unlikely form of Stuart Whitman, playing the local sheriff, but his intervention does not come till the

last few minutes by which time few characters remain and the little girl is impaled on the top of a fence only inches away from the alligator's chomping jaws. Finally the old man becomes a victim of his pet and only his artificial limb breaks the surface of the water in a neat and explicit reference to the legend of Captain Hook in *Peter Pan*.

As this last touch suggests *Death Trap* is very much a kid's movie for adults (though it will be interesting to see what certificate it gets in the more lenient climate of America). Hooper quarreled violently with his producer and is reported to be unhappy with the way the film was edited. It probably won't help his career, but certainly deserves a showing.

DEATH TRAP (1976)

Neville Brand (as Judd), Stuart Whitman (Sheriff Marney), Carolyn Jones (After Herbie), Mel Ferrer (Marney Wood), William Fiske (Ray), with Ceryn Secombe, Roberta Collins, Robert England, Jessi Lynn and Kyle Richards. Directed by Tobe Hooper. Produced by Mervyn Rosman, Co-Produced by Al Pant. Executive Producer: Michaelson Rautman.

No British Certificate

one minute they're perfectly normal THE NEXT...

RABID

Review by Tony Crawley

First off, one has to make it clear that no matter what you choose to think, *Rabid* has nothing whatsoever to do with rabies.

This is something else.

So, for that matter is the very word: *rabid*. As my well-thumbed Penguin English dictionary explained . . .

Rabid (*Rabid*) *adj.* *raging, violent; mad, fanatical; infected with rabies.*

So, instead of rabies, Canadian director David Cronenberg is making full use here of the other shades of meaning.

This film is a quick follow-up to Cronenberg's stomach-heaving but, Shivers. Almost a re-make, come to that, as it's pretty well the same again.

Cronenberg obviously feels after his first three movies (*Shivers*, 1969; *Crimes of the Future*, 1970, and *Shivers*, 1975), that he has a certain reputation to live up to. So he tries, hard. However, he leaves so many gaping loopholes cluttering his script, that he somewhat damages the tenseness of his action, much of which is superb, nail-grawing stuff. The bleak, night-time scenes of garbage disposal wagons wheeling around a quarantined Montreal, for instance, marred by horse guard men flung bloodless corpses in the back of the trucks. Frighteningly awesome (however much borrowed from *Soylent Green*).

The film opens with Rose (Marilyn Chambers) zooming along on her boyfriend's motor-bike. Next minute, she's pinned under the baring wreck of the bike in a terrible crash with only a half-hour's life left in her.

Fortunately she's saved in some unmentionable (and unexplained) form of graft-operation using 'neural field tissue'.

She wakes from a coma after the cosmetic-surgeon's handiwork, screaming "No!" But, too late, whatever it is that has mired her body, it is locked firmly inside. And ravenously hungry. So off goes Rose on her rabid bender. Sucking people's blood clear out of their bodies. (How she manages this is impossible to report. Cronenberg never dwells long on



Caught in the act? Rose makes short work of an innocent by-stander



Above: the bodyspecial men stop to fling Rose (Marilyn Chambers) into a truck. Below: the grisly results of Rose's handiwork.



the bows of his story.)

In one scene, for instance, Rose has what appears to be a reverse-action hypodermic device implanted just above her stomach, which punctures her victims and cleans their blood-sinks dry. Yet in another sequence, this parasitical organ seems to be a whole new mouth just under one armpit, which works in a similar horrendous fashion.

It's safe, I think, to surmise that David Cronenberg edited out various explanatory-narrative sequences in an effort to keep his film moving apace. Look now, ask questions later.

In that department, he succeeds extremely well. This film has fine pace, excellent rhythm—and an increasingly voyeuristic tension. It never fades out either. Never has the chance to. Jean Laferrière's ultra-taut editing goes to that.

We're simply expected to fill in any offending plot-gaps ourselves, as we follow poor Rose's violent new life-style. She breaks out of the clinic, having infected her surgical saviour, and plenty of the patients and staff—leaving one nurse stuffed inside the drug-fridge—and starts prowling the streets in search of more victims. More blood. Like some technological vampire



In this still from the operation scene, the surgeons remove a piece of "neutral field tissue" from Rose's leg.

The city fights back at what the chief medical officer inevitably sees as a rabies epidemic. "The worst attack of the century." With the fastest incubation period known to medical history. "So don't let anybody bite you," warns a clipped-toned United Nations medical expert on the TV news.

But it's not rabies. It's, well, something else. Rose has it and passes it about with frighteningly high frequency. She transmits it, as someone explains, yet remains immune to its fatal aspects. Meantime, the cops are out hitting the bricks, wasting anyone with blood or foam on their lips—even gunning down a store's Santa Claus in the crossfire!

Marilyn finds temporary shelter in a girlfriend's flat, locking herself away from her mate, and literally trying to sweat out her malady on the bathroom floor. She cannot eat anything her friend cooks. Food makes her violently ill. Blood alone satisfies her appetite. She phones her boyfriend, but there's little he can do. And so she's back on the streets... and is soon swung bodily into a refuse wagon...

Her leather-clad boyfriend, Hart Read (Frank Moore) is a helpmate. Not to say hopeless. The clinic's business brass, played by Joe Silver, steals all Moore's

scenes 'and everyone else's' with some finely honed, humanistic playing. I doubt Cronenberg cut much of Joe's scenes. Nor many of Rose/Marilyn Chambers', either, who is more than adequate as the quite innocent carrier of this blood-sucking disease.

Most memorable and moving in the touching scene where she tries to explain her dreadful predicament to her lover, by phone. "I'm still me. I have to have blood. It's all I can eat. But... I'm still me!"

RABID (Canada: RAGE, 1977)

Marilyn Chambers (as Rose), Frank Moore (Hart Read), Joe Silver (Mortimer Cypher), Howard Ryshpan (Dr. Dan Kravitz), Patricia Gage (Dr. Asseline Kravitz), Susan Roman (Mandy Kent), J. Roger Perard (Lloyd Walsh), Lynne Deragon (Nurse Lucile)

Written and Directed by David Cronenberg, Produced by Ivan Reitman, Andre Link and John Dunning, Photographed by Rene Vanier, Edited by Jean Laferrière, Music by Ivan Reitman, Distributed by Alpha Film, A Cinema Entertainment Enterprises (Montreal) Production.

Time: 90 min

Cert: X

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BITTERS OF A PLACID RIVER TOO GREAT
A TEMPTATION TO RESIST.



YET EVEN THE MOST PLACID
RIVER FLOWS ON UNCEASINGLY
LIKE TIME ITSELF. AND JUST
AS TIME BRINGS DEATH TO ALL
MEN, SO THE RIVER BRINGS A
DEAD MAN TO THIS MOMENT
IN TIME.



HOWEVER, SHINDOKE'S
WANDERING SURFIDE
SOON TURNS TO DREAD
FASCINATION. FOR THE
CLOTHES FORWARD
SHIRT & STAMEN HE
REVEALS TOO WELL... THE
SIGN OF THE MONKS
THE ARMY OF LUTHER!



RIVER OF CORPSES...

TOWER OF DEATH

YET AS SHINDOKE BUILT TO
HUNT FOR THE DEAD MAN'S
LAST JACK, A TROUD RUBY
APPEARS. A DEAD ... A
RUBY...



...AND SHINDOKE'S ATTENTION
TURNS AWAY FROM THE
EFFECT TO THE CRUISE OF
THIS GRIEVOUS FLEET.

AND IT IS THAT CRUISE WHICH MUST
CONCERN THE DEMON STOLENS
FIRST.

ANOTHER ONE! SOMEWHERE
UPSTAIRS THERE IS WORK
FOR ME. AND ALL THE
KNOWLEDGE AND
WEAPONS I POSSESS!



YET NO FIND WAY TO GRAB SHINDOKE AS HE
APPROACHES. ONLY A STEADY TROUD INDIVIDUAL,
CLIMBING THE DEAD IN THE EASIEST WAY HE KNOWS.

YOU THERE? IN THE
NAME OF GOD!
WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?



BUT THE MAN IS MORE IN THE MOOD FOR
FLIGHT THAN ANSWERING QUESTIONS.

GO! WE'LL PERHAPS THE
HOMER WILL TALK.



YET AS HE MOVES FORWARD, SHANDOR SEES SOMETHING FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. A FLUTTING SHADOW, COME AND GONE IN AN INSTANT.



SHANDOR WOULD THINK NOTHING OF IT... BUT A SUGARY LECHEM RIVET THE CORN OF THE FOREST... AND AN UNSPEAKABLE HORROR ELUSIVELY THE NORMAL ORDER OF CREATION...



BUT SHANDOR'S EYES TELL HIM THAT THIS IS REAL... AND DANGEROUS!

YET IT IS SOME DAYS SINCE THE ARMY LEVED... AND DESPITE HIS HORROR, SHANDOR HATES LITTLE SHANDOR... WHO LEAVES DISCREETLY... AND THE CORNER'S ARMY SINGS UNDER DISTURBINGLY LITTLE PRESSION?



DESPITE HIS HORROR, SHANDOR LOOKS DOWN WITH COMPRESSION AT A BROWN THREE-FOOTED, ALMOST NOTICING THE GIRL MOVING TOWARD HIM.

AND NOT NOTICING THE OTHER CORNER AT ALL... NOW THE SHADOW WHIT BARELY CROAKS ITS FACE... AND THE SODDEN SHAPPING OPEN OF ITS EYES...



BUT THE STAFF CLIPPING OF ITS FISTING IS UNWITTINGLY... THE BUTTLING GASP OF RAGE IN ITS THROAT GAVE HORROR.



THIS TIME, THOUGH, SHANDOR IS NOT DEFENSELESS.



AND HE HAS LEARNED MUCH FROM HIS FIRST BATTLE.



BUT IF THE SHADOW HAS DISAPPEARED, THE HORROR IS FAR FROM OVER.



HOLD! NOW EVEN THE TRIFLEST HEROIC MURDEROUS LIFE THIS IS MORE THAN WERE MORTAL STRENGTH CAN OVERCOME

ONLY ABOVE WILL LOOSEN THIS EVIL'S HOLD!



DIAPHRAGM VINCULA MIDE TMI SACRIFICED HOSTIUM LAUREA AT HOMEN INVOCANDO

AND AS THE ANCIENT DIVORTION DRIFTS FROM SHADOWS'S LIPS, THE LIVING AGED EXTENSIVE DRIES, DENIES... AND DIES...

KEEP STILL, GIRL! THE PRISONER IS FAST YOU'LL BE FREE SOON ENOUGH



BUT AS SHADOW SHEDS THE WITHERED BRANCHES

THAT SHADOW BEGINS! THIS MUST HAVE BEEN MERELY A DIVERSION TO COVER ITS ESCAPE

SIC, PRIEST! THAT IS MY MASTER THANNATOS!



THANNATOS? A STORAGE NAME THE NAME OF DEATH ITSELF!

AND IT FITS ONLY TOO WELL! YOU MUST LEAVE HERE, PRIEST! YOU HAVE ANNOYED MY MASTER! BUT I WILL DO WHAT I CAN TO PLACATE HIM



YOU'RE MISTAKEN, GIRL! IT IS I WHO SHOULD STAY BE A MAN OF GOD! I MUST DESTROY EVIL IN ALL ITS FORMS! IT IS YOU WHO SHOULD FLEE AFTER YOU HAVE TOLD ME HOW TO FIND YOUR MASTER



I SHALL TAKE YOU TO HIM IF YOU INSIST, FOOLISH MONK, BUT I CANNOT FLEE FOR IF THANNATOS IS MASTER OF DEATH, HE IS ALSO MASTER OF LIFE... MY LIFE AT LEAST

THE GIRL'S NAME IS SELINA, A PRETTY ENOUGH NAME, BUT FOR ITS SORCEROUS CONNECTION WITH THE ANCIENT HIGH-GARDEN, A LINK WHICH AWAKES SHANNON'S SUSPECT CIRCUMSTANCES AS THEY APPROACH THEIR DESTINATION

THERE IS STILL TIME TO TURN BACK, SHANNON... I CANNOT HELP YOU ONCE YOU ENTER THOSE DARK PORTALS, EVEN IF I WISHED TO

I WOULD PITY FOR YOU, GIRL, IF THERE WAS TIME! BUT WHAT DARK POWER DOES THANNATOS HOLD OVER YOU?



HE HOLDS MY SOUL IN BONDAGE, PRIEST UNTIL THE COMING OF THE GREAT DAY! UNTIL THEN, IT IS HIS WILL TO CONSIGN TO THE FLAMES OF HELL BY HIS BLIGHTEST NAME

WE GIVE LIP SERVICE TO HIM, UNTIL FINALLY THEY STAND BEFORE SHANNON'S GATES OF THANNATOS BLACK TOWER

DO NOT ENTER, SHANNON! YOUR FORTRESS HAS FORTRESSING COME, PLEASE TO THOSE OF THANNATOS! ONLY DEATH BRINGS AND ENTER DEATH HEREIN!



I CRAWLED TURN BACK, SHANNON! AND WHILE I STILL HAVE THE SWORD OF ARCHANGEL... SO, MY RESOLVE WILL NOT FLUTTER!

BY SHANNON KNOWS HIS WORDS ARE MEANT SHANNON FOR THE SHANNON HAS GAINED OF MYSTIC POWER IN HIS BATTLE WITH SHANNON BUT THE FIRST ATTACK RESEMBLES NO SHANNON'S DEFENSE



RRRRRRRR!

AND SOMETIMES THE LORD'S WORK IS BEST CARRIED OUT WITH THE CLINCHED FIST!



YOU AGAIN!
ARE YOU THE BEST
THINARTS CAN SEND
AGAINST ME?

SURELY THAT BOLD DISTURBANCE, SHINDOR,
ONLY HAS UNDESIRABLE INTENTIONS FOR SHINDOR,
UNITE.



SHINDOR
SHOULD
IT BE

BEFORE SHINDOR CAN
REACT, SHINDOR IS
THROWING... NOW
REMOVING THE RULES OF A
NEW PRINCESS.

FORGIVE ME, SHINDOR,
BUT UNTIL THE WORLD
BELONGS TO THINARTS
AND HER BROTHER, MY
SOUL BELONGS TO
THINARTS.



AND
WHEN IT DOES,
YOUR SOUL WILL
NOT BE WORTHY
REPAIRING! BUT I
SHALL STOP THIS
SOUL DOUBLER'S
RITUALS... EVEN
AT THE COST OF
MY OWN LIFE!

NOW, FROST!
YOUR MIND IS
TOO NARROW AND YOU
CANNOT REACH ME!
BUT THIS CRISIS IS NO
OBSTACLE TO MY DIVINE!

THINARTS IS SURELY
EAGER, ENTICED
AND GEFORCE SHINDOR'S
STANDARD GIVE. A
FLYING SHINDOR
UP FROM THE SILENCE
IS A JOY. THE
SHINDOR HE AND
HALF-SEEN EAGLE...



SHINDOR DOES NOT
KNOW IF THIS IS THE
SOUL OF THINARTS
FOR HE HAS NEVER
SEEN A NAMED SOUL
THE DOUBLER CALLED
IT A SOUL... AND
THAT WILL DO.

DO NOT
FIGHT, SHINDOR!
ACCEPT YOUR FATE
AND AVOID PAIN!
YOU KNOW THINARTS
CAN ENLIGHTEN
ANYTHING... THE
DEAD, TREES,
EVEN STONE.

ANYTHING
WITHOUT A SOUL
IN FACT HAS
ATTACK COULD
COME FROM ANY
DIRECTION



IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA
IF IT WERE NOT SO DAMNED
SILENT... BUT BEFORE
SHINDOR'S EYES A
SHINDOR, FROST IN STONE,
STARTS TO MOVE, FROST
STILL IN LIFE... AND AROUND
THINGS SHAPE FIRE...



AND THE
THE

SLUING INCHES FROM REIN, AND SO, WITH
FOR COMING, SHANNON PROCEEDS FORWARD.

WELCOME
REMOVING
AND
I HAVE
YOUR CHAIR,
NOW!

THOUGHTLESS OF YOU,
SHANNON, FOR I WILL HAVE
HAD OF HIS SERVICES SOON
ENOUGH... TO DISPOSE OF YOUR
ART, SINCE I HAVE CONSIDERED
IT USELESS AND DULLER.

SHANNON
MADE

THAT
NEW
DRESSING

AND KNOWING INTO
THE ATTACK?

FOR AN INSTANT, THE
LAWYER'S HOLDS ITS
BREATH, AS THE DARK
WISDOM OF SHANNON
GOTTLES WITH THE
AGENT OF LIGHT... FOR
THE FATE OF A PEOPLE.

BUT HAVING
FALLEN, HE
KEES AGAIN

BUT IT IS
SHANNON
WHO FALLS.

INCREDIBLY OLD, HIS VOICE RINGS OFFLY, SHANNON
WELCOMES HIMSELF TO SIGHT, KNOWING SHANNON CANNOT
REACH HIM WITHIN HIS OWN TE DISE.

YOU ARE DOUBLY WELCOME,
SHANNON. FOR THE SACRIFICE OF
PRIEST WILL BE DOUBLY
PLEASANT TO SHANNON. I
SHANNON THAT IS WHY I
FORCED SHANNON TO LEAVE
YOU HERE.

SHANNON THAT EXPLAINS
WHY YOUR VICTIMS
WERE ALL MEN, BUT
THAT MEANS YOU
SHANNON.

JARMSHEELA
SHANNON - SISTER OF
SHANNON.

AND KNOWING, SHANNON?





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HAMMERHEAD

-An interview with Michael Carreras



Recently we've been receiving lots of letters for both Answer Desk and Post Mortem asking for more information on Hammer Films' current projects and the company's history. We've had an equal amount of post suggesting we feature interviews with Hammer stars both behind and in front of the camera.

To try and fulfil all Hammer Films questions and as we are currently preparing the 'official' history of

Hammer Films this issue sees the start of our regular Hammer Interview feature in which Hammer magazine talks to Hammer Films.

As he's the man ultimately responsible for all decisions on upcoming productions and knows more about the company's past than possibly anyone else we're starting at the top with Michael Carreras, Managing Director of Hammer. Interview by John Branson and Dez Skinn.

Talking to Michael Carreras we naturally covered a wide variety of subjects, including Hammer's forthcoming films such as *Nesbit*, *The Lady Vanishes* and *Vlad the Impaler*, and a planned series of made-for-television horror films.

But in this, the first of a two-part interview, Michael Carreras describes his own past and present involvement in the company as producer, writer and director.

MICHAEL CARRERAS: First of all, so many incorrect things have been written about Hammer's origins that I'd like to take this opportunity to set the record straight.

It all started with a man known as Will Hammer, whose real name was William Hinds. He had two names because as Will Hinds he was a very serious and successful business man—in the jewellery retail trade—and as Will Hammer he was a stand-up vaudeville comic who used to perform on 'The Roards'. His interest in other performers led him to open his own booking agency and with a number of jugglers, trick cyclists and others he started booking his own shows into his own theatres. And that was how he became theatrically involved.

In the early 1930s he formed a company called Hammer Films which owned in a small number of films—including *Sanders Of The River*. But this company had absolutely nothing to do with the Hammer Company of today. What happened then, having been in those ventures, was that William Hinds began looking round for a wider interest in the film industry? He came across a man named Enrique Carreras, my grandfather, who at that time owned and operated a small distribution company called Exclusive Films. They joined forces and started off with a marvellous deal that got the company on its feet—they managed to get the re-issue rights to many of Alexander Korda's London Film productions which included some of Laurence Olivier's earliest films. In the late 1940s the company went into production as well as distribution and a number of films were produced under the Exclusive banner (these will be fully detailed in the upcoming *History of Hammer* series—Dex.) But in late 1947 it was decided to re-activate the Hammer Company as its production arm and all following productions were known as Hammer Films.

HoH: How and when did you become involved in the Company?

MC: I joined it when it was still Exclusive Films. After leaving school I had 18 months to waste before I was due to be conscripted into the army—they took you at 18 in those days—so I spent the time at Exclusive's office in Wardour Street working as the Director of Publicity,

which sounded grand but simply meant that I was merely in charge of mailing out stills and posters every week to the cinemas that were showing their films!

Then I spent two years in the Grenadier Guards and came out in the summer of 1947, at the same time that Exclusive decided to go into film production in a serious way. I joined the unit as general dogbody.

Tony Hinds was the official producer. He had already had some general production experience working on the Exclusive productions—I didn't produce a picture until 1950 but had a go at almost everything during the time between. Tony did it all... literally did it all. His contribution was enormous because he also wrote many of the better Hammer films under the pseudonym of John Elder. He really was the major force in the development of Hammer productions.

HoH: Why isn't he still with the company?
MC: He retired years ago. I don't know exactly why. But I do think he became somewhat disillusioned with the British film industry. He had decided that he didn't want to go on being known as the

when you think of the amount of employment he was giving to British technicians.
HoH: When did your father, now Sir James Carreras, become involved in the film industry?

MC: My father started as a cinema manager. Before Exclusive my grandfather owned what was the first circuit of cinemas in this country, known as The Blue Halls. When I say "circuit" I'm exaggerating—it was only three or four really. But he was the first man ever to build two cinemas back-to-back and show the same film simultaneously—the Blue Hall in Hammer-smith was the first cinema in this country to have two entrances and two screens showing the same thing. He was also the first man ever to put on a Royal Command Performance, for which he hired the Albert Hall. He was really quite an extraordinary man and in his own small way made quite a mark on British cinema. After the war, just as I was going into the army, my father came out and joined forces with my grandfather, Will Hammer and Tony Hinds.

HoH: Was it always your personal ambition to work in the film business?



*A rare behind-the-scenes look at the actual shooting of Hammer's **The Last Continent** (1950). Michael Carreras, directing, stands behind a spotlight (wearing white shirt), upper left of picture.*

Hammer producer so he did something that I think was very courageous. He wanted to learn other aspects of film making so he applied to the ACTT (the film technicians' union) for a ticket to work in a much lower position for other companies, and they refused him! I don't think he ever recovered from that. It was a terrible thing to do on the union's part.

MC: No. I always wanted to be a musician. Jazz was my total interest. Long before I ever started cutting out pictures of Betty Grable's legs I was a big fan of Harry James, the jazz trumpeter who she eventually married. I was much more interested in his music than her legs, which shows you what a stupid kid I was!

HoH: Didn't you once make a series of



Little-known trade promotional poster for Hammer's 1957 film, The Curse of the Frankensteins.

short jazz films?

MC: Yes. That was when Cinemascope first came into use. In fact the first Cinemascope film made in this country were a series of featurettes directed by me called *Bond Parade*. I had a marvellous time with those.

HeH: During your career you've written, directed and produced films. What aspect of film-making interests you most of all?

MC: I think that the initial writing of the film is the most fascinating aspect of film-making because it's the basic, creative idea, the blueprint for the film that is eventually made. When people send me scripts to read I find it utterly boring as I would much rather people just sent me the *idea* for the film. After all, when you've just seen a film you don't quote the dialogue, you say—"Have you seen that film? It's about so and so..." And usually the shorter the presentation of the idea the better it is. So writing is the most exciting part of film-making, the actual creation of an exciting idea. But I would never want to be a professional writer because it can be a very lonely and frustrating process—filling those 120 pages of script. Producing is the most functional portion of our industry because first you have to find the right idea, then you've got to find the right person to write it, then the right person to direct it, and *that's* where you can make or break your deal. If you pick the right director it's beautiful, but if you pick the wrong one it's agony.

As a producer I interfere with everybody's writing, which may or may not be a good thing, but you *cannot* interfere with directing. If you employ a man to direct a picture you've got to let him get on with it. You can't have two people directing though you can have as many people writing a film as you like. Unfortunately,

during my career I've made a few wrong decisions and have had to replace directors on occasions. As for directing itself, it is the most fascinating thing of all—it is a total egotistical experience.

HeH: How did you become a director? MC: Well, I think any producer who wants to improve his knowledge of the business should direct at some point because it makes you a better producer. It enables you to understand the problems of the physical side of making a film—all the interruptions and irruptions, such as when the production department can't provide you with what you want, and when the producer doesn't understand what you are doing. It's the most satisfying side of the business as well as being the most frustrating. I got into directing back in 1957 when United Artists were financing a war film of ours called *The Steel Bayonet*. I asked them if I could direct it, and they said yes. That gave me a taste for directing but there weren't any other opportunities to direct within the Hammer company and so, in the early 1960's, I left Hammer for a while and went off on my own.

First I made a film called *What A Crazy World*, which was based on a marvellous show I saw in Joan Littlewood's theatre in Stratford. I managed to get financial backing from ABC (now EMI) and I did something I always wanted to do—I took the cameras into the streets of London, into the East End, and shot the film there. We incorporated the pop stars of that time, including Joe Brown, Marty Wilde and Susan Maughan, as well as Harry H. Corbett (of *Synae* fame) and Michael Raper (a Hammer film regular). It was, for me, one of the best films I've made and I thoroughly enjoyed doing it. It's been, without question, a totally underrated film.

Then I went to Spain and, with MGM's

partial backing and Spanish money, I made the first Western there (*The Savage Gun*)—it started the whole trend of making Westerns in Spain. This was long before the *Dolans* started making their "spaghetti" westerns. Then, having directed those two things and, presumably because neither of them were *terribly* bad, Hammer asked me to direct another picture for them, which was *Mandac* in 1962. In fact I went straight from Spain to the South of France where *Mandac* was going to be shot. Then, having got back into the Hammer fold, I returned to England and directed one of the Hammer films (*The Curse Of The Mummy's Tomb*, 1964).

"If you pick the right director it's beautiful, but if you pick the wrong one it's agony."

During the rest of the 1960's I directed other Hammer films, including *The Lost Continent* and *Slave Girls*. The latter film arose from an economic situation—we had built an extraordinary set at Elstree Studios for *One Million Years BC* so we made *Slave Girls* as an economic quickie to use the set and all the costumes from the previous film. But I made one terrible mistake on that film—it should have had speech bubbles because it was the *premier* comic strip film. If we went back now and re-edited it, putting in balloons with the words OUCH and ARGHHH, it would be great (Laughter).

HeH: What's your method of working as a director?

MC: Well, after I'd directed about five pictures I was interviewed by somebody who asked me: "Michael, how do you find the technical difference between Cinema-



Loana (Raquel Welch) and Torak (John Richardson) are menaced by a gigantic Triceratops in One Million Years BC (1966).

scope and normal lenses?" As I started to answer I suddenly realised I didn't have an answer! I had never directed anything in my life that wasn't in Cinemascope and there I was talking about directing. I didn't even know about normal lenses because, in those days, there were only two Cinemascope lenses—one for a wide shot and one for a close-up. That really brought me down to earth.

Actually the person who helped me a lot was a camera operator named Len Harris. One day when I was doing my first picture with him I asked his advice on a camera set-up and he said: "Don't ask me, I'm only the operator. What you must do is take the viewfinder in your hand and imagine you're sitting in the Odeon Leicester Square and ask yourself what you want to see up on the screen." So that's what I used to do, I walked around the set pretending I was sitting in a cinema looking at a screen.

HeH: Have you ever directed a film with someone else as the producer?

MC: Physically, yes. But I always had the



A relaxed and bearded Michael Carreras on location with the crew of One Million Years BC.

many times it hurts. Look, I'm a successful producer but it took me three years to get my eldest son a union ticket to work in the industry. The only advice that I can give is that if you really want to work in the industry then you've just got to keep trying. It won't be easy. There is a lot of rubbish spoken about the various film schools but don't waste your time. Anyone who enrolls in a film school should first find out whether the certificate they issue at the end of the course is recognised by the union, and the answer is usually no. In fact I don't know of any film school that is recognised by the union myself, though I might be wrong. Without a union ticket there's no way you can get to work in the industry.

"There is a lot of rubbish spoken about film schools, but don't waste your time."

HeH: What if someone has a great idea for a Hammer film? What should they do?

MC: If you've got the ultimate idea for a film the first thing you should do is try and get a Literary Agent interested. He's a professional and will know the best things to do with it. If you came straight to Hammer with a good idea you might get

4p for it but if it's really good and it turned out to be a successful book or play you could make a small fortune because then all the film companies would have to compete for the rights.

HeH: Then is it worthwhile at all for people who think they have great ideas for films to submit them to Hammer?

MC: We will all starve if people with ideas stop pushing, but they've got to expect to receive rejection slips. I'm afraid I have to send out several every week.

HeH: Do you have any final advice for our readers on the subject of trying to break into the film business?

MC: All I can say is that if you really believe in your talent keep going. I would like to say that there is a way of achieving it quickly if you do such-and-such-a-thing but I just don't know of any such way.

Next issue, in part two of this exclusive interview, Michael Carreras will discuss the problems of filmmaking in today's world as well as providing information on Hammer's exciting forthcoming projects, including their lavish production *Vlad The Impaler*, which will be based on the exploits of the true-life figure Vlad Tepes who inspired Bram Stoker to create Dracula.



The trade advertisement for Hammer's second major horror film, Dracula (1958).

overall financial responsibility. Therefore whether anyone thinks any of the pictures I've directed show directional promise or not I will never know for sure until I've directed a picture for somebody else. You see there's so much conflict when you're trying to do both jobs that I don't know if I've ever given myself a fair chance as a director. A lot of good friends of mine have told me that I'm a good producer but not much of a director. I don't disagree with them but I'd like to give myself the test of working for another producer who carries those other responsibilities himself.

HeH: Have you any advice for any of our readers who want to get into the movies as a writer or a director?

MC: No, I've been asked this question so

STAR WARS

MASKS TO BE WON!



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It's a helmet! It's a head!
You can get any of these four
incredible characters from the
Greatest Space Fantasy of all time.

WAY, way back in *HoH* 4 when we ran our "free holiday in Transylvania" competition, which was limited to the over-18s, we promised a future competition for all readers.

And this is it!

Chances are, unless you've been in hibernation for the last couple of months, you're aware of the biggest science fantasy film epic currently playing around the world... **STAR WARS**.

And, just to prove that when we do feature a competition, we don't mess around, the prizes are no less than 200 top quality, American made, *Star Wars* full-head masks. In fact, top quality is an understatement! These masks are currently retelling in the States for as much as \$35 each.

Plus, if you're not one of the lucky 200, we've also got 50 *Star Wars* paperbacks and records as consolation prizes.

All you have to do to be on your way to possibly winning one of our fabulous prizes is answer the following ten science fiction film questions correctly.

Write your answers on a postcard (sorry, no envelopes) and the first two hundred correct entries pulled out of a bag on January 31st will be the winning ones. The next 50 correct entries picked will receive consolation prizes.

And be sure to cut out the special "entry stamp" from this page and attach it to your postcard.

The correct answers will appear in *House of Hammer* 18, and the names of the winners shortly thereafter. Also, as a favour to your ever-curious *HoH* staff, when entering the competition how about letting us know your favourite three features in this issue and the one feature you liked least of all. (All feature titles are given on page three.)

Send your postcards, with your answers, the entry stamp, your list of favourite/least favourite features in *HoH* 18, and your name, age and address to:

STAR WARS COMPETITION, House of Hammer, 125-141 Wardour Street, London W.1.

... and be sure your card reaches us by January 31st, when editor Dex Skinn and a *Star Wars* personality will do the judging.

As Obi Wan would say ... "And may the force go with you".

1. The aliens in *This Island Earth* came from which of the following planets ... (a) Bellus, (b) Metaluna, or (c) Zyra?
2. The 1939 Republic serial *Buck Rogers*, starring Buster Crabbe, was set in the 25th Century. True or false?
3. In which city did the thrilling climax of *20 Million Miles to Earth* (1957) take place?
4. At the end of which science-fantasy film were the audiences warned to "Keep watching the skies!"?
5. The extra-terrestrial in United Artists' *The Men From Planet X* (1951) landed in which country of the world?
6. Rod Taylor's *Time Machine* takes him far into the future where he helps a

pacifist race of people against their barbarous rulers. What were the names of these two races?

7. In *Star Wars*, Ben Kenobi saves Luke Skywalker from the Sandpeople. But what was the other name for them?
8. He appeared in the 1952 Republic serial *Zombies of the Stratosphere*, and later shot to fame in the *Star Trek* tv series. Who is he?
9. Below, right, is an unusual photograph of some props from *Star Wars*. What are the three objects?
10. Below, left, is another unusual photograph, again featuring a piece of equipment that appeared in *Star Wars*. Though it is partially dismantled, can you say on which planet/world/star or spaceship it appeared?



**HoH STAR WARS
STAMP**

PSYCHO



Classic Corner time. With a difference. Seventeen years after the blood-curdling fact, *HoH* has the rarely-seen storyboard of the screen's most grisly horror murder . . . *Psycho*! Plus, at last, the answer to the shower-stall's major question. Who actually directed the shower-stabbing? Alfred Hitchcock . . . or Saul Bass? The exclusive answer comes from a chapter in our critic Tony Crawley's third film book, *Scrubbers. An Illustrated History of the Bath Scene in Movies*, currently being finalised for publication.

This is the most imitated killing in movies. Whether in straight drama, cop-art, Western or horror film. This is the definitive cause (or effect) of all the screen's slayings in the bathroom—where the shiny, often bright white porcelain surrounds make a perfect (and so slippery) background for red blood, spurring, dropping, congealing.

Thus, of course, is Janet Leigh (and her double) in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, 1960. "Normally," says Hitch, "any studio would have made her the love interest. I wanted to shock the audience—killing her off early." Cue for his also much-copied gimmick that "no one, but no one!" be allowed to enter the cinema after the film had begun unrolling.

But a major controversy still reigns around this classic murder sequence. And one far more important than was it ketchup or chocolate sauce doubling for the blood swirling down the bath-tub's drain. Quite simply, the query is: who really masterminded and directed the stabbing of Janet Leigh?

In his roster book on *The Master* (Hitchcock, Secker and Warburg) French director Francois Truffaut, an acknowledged Hitch-buff, likened the killing to a rape and Hitchcock told him how the sequence was shot.

Or, how he remembered it. Or, at least, how he wanted it to be remembered . . .



THE HITCHCOCK VERSION.

"It took us seven days . . . there were 70 camera set-ups for 45 seconds of footage. We had a barno specially made up . . . with the blood that was supposed to spurt away from the knife, but I didn't see it. I used a low girl instead, a naked model who stood in for Janet Leigh. We only showed Miss Leigh's hands, shoulders and head. All the rest was the model's."

"Naturally, the knife never touched the body, it was off done in the miniature. I shot some of it on slow motion so as to cover the bruises. The slow shots were not accelerated later on . . . they were inserted in the montage so as to give an impression of normal speed."

That's all well and good and quite technical. At the most people, like a

kid actor in one of Hitchcock's films, only wanted to know . . . 'nison, was it chocolate sauce?"

The more vital truth of the matter—one of the best kept secrets in movie history—is that Hitchcock did not direct the sequence at all. Saul Bass did and he has never officially been credited for anything else other than choreographing the scene until now.

In order to plan the shock murder, step by bloody step, Hitchcock called upon the services of the veteran graphic designer, Saul Bass—until *Psycho*, better known for his remarkable new genre of credit-titles; mainly for Otto Preminger movies, *Carmen Jones*, *Advise and Consent*, *Exodus*, etc. Indeed, all the winning man-tile formats of the last twenty years or so (particularly the 007 titles) were greatly influenced by Saul's initial and quite revolutionary switch from the conventional roll of names, or worse still, those campy, flustering pages of a book, featuring all the film's stars and technicians.

Two years after *Psycho*, Bass directed one set of titles which proved a handred per cent better than the film they were fronting: the memorable black cat on the prowl for *Walk on the Wild Side*.

And so, Saul Bass it was who storyboarded the *Psycho* stabbing.

And he also directed the sequence on a closed set with Hitchcock in close and constant attendance. It was his directing debut.

"He was very nice about it," says Bass. "I thought it was a generous thing for him to do on his picture. I learned a lot from it and very nice things emerged from it."

No credit, though. Or none beyond that for "title-designs".

THE BASS VERSION

There were two cuts that Hitch added when I was through. We were on the stage three or four days, then I sat down with George Tompkins, the editor, and together we edited the footage. When we were through, Hitch added two cuts. A shot of the knife going into her belly—done in reverse. And some blood splattering. He felt it was too bloodless.

"I thought it would be interesting to do a bloodless murder, with only blood at the end, going down the drain. With all the water from the shower, the blood might—or might not—have been washed away immediately. Could have worked either way. Hitch felt he needed the blood, so he added the cuts." And yes, the blood was chocolate sauce. And the worst problem Bass had to contend with.

"Originally, I planned the pullaway from the dead eye (see storyboard) with a little trickle of blood coming out from under the face and moving towards the camera—with the camera pulling away in sort of retreat. So we built a special tiled floor movie backed at to create an imperceptible depression through

which we could direct the roars of the blood and stuff. It didn't work!

"We worked at it like forever and finally gave it up and did just the straight pullaway from where the drapes cover the floor." So now you know!



Uncredited. Saul Bass, the quiet man behind the *Psycho* stabbing, remains cool and far from swayed about never being credited for his direction of the sequence. Instead, he's grateful still to Hitchcock for the opportunity, which indeed led to more direct filming expertise shots for the New York World's Fair, much of the *Spartacus* battles, the split-screening in *Grand Prix*; and his first feature, *Phantom IV*, a winning look at anti-made in Britain, 1972.

But it's his credit-life revolution that Saul is always to be remembered—and thanked—for. Beginning with work for Otto Preminger, he designed logo-titles for films—the famous rose of *Carmen Jones*, 1954, to the *Arabian Nights* of *Sach Good Friends*, 1971. These movie trade-marks soon evolved and amounted in his title-designs, also include the segmented corpse of *Anatomy of a Murder*; the flip-top Capital lid of *Advise and Consent*; the angular arm with clawing fingers of *The Man With The Golden Arm*. This arm, always outstretched, became his pet theme: brandishing a sword, *Spartacus*; rafter, *Exodus*; three balloons, *One Two Three*; in a US naval sleeve for *In Harm's Way*; and protruding from a globe, *Front*. Based on a 500,000 dollar for *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. His greatest, longest and most expensive animated title (120,000 for six minutes) came with the epilogue for *Around The World In 80 Days*.

Later on, he began shooting special footage for his poster. A maze of frenzied streets for *Something Wild*; a stagecoach rolling through *The Big Country*; *Wilder* dancing for *The Vikings*; and years ahead of his time—and equalizer—the famous helicopter opening, swooping right down to the flicking finger in *West Side Story* . . . where he had the actual credits chalked up on a wall.

His motto: "I'm making the audience's expectation . . . I try to reach for a simple visual phrase that tells you what the picture is about. It's not one going mad with the fall, forward treatment but because you like the idea usually. No matter how good, how brilliant an idea may be, if you don't blend with the film there's only one thing to do—throw it away. OK, then, if you work, you have one. But lose it now. Get rid of it. And start again."





Answer

This month's Answer Desk column serves a dual purpose. At one end we would rather de-vicour, William Castle died this year, and so, partially in answer to Richard Andrews of *Newcastle upon Tyne* and Tony Norton of *Letch on Sea*, who enquired about Castle's *Jim Bag*, plus requests from Michael Carter, Steve Hutchinson, Anthony Harrison and John Skaggs for information on other William Castle films, this column is given over to a brief retrospective by Tim Vakumagi.

Accidentally known as the 'Master of Movie Horror', producer-director of mainly low-budget films William Castle died, after suffering a heart attack on May 11, at the University of California Medical Center, Los Angeles.

Castle reached his peak of success during the late 1950s and early 1960s with such exploitation fare as *Masters* (1958), *House on Haunted Hill* (1959) and *The Tingler* (1959). His biggest success, financially, came with *Rosemary's Baby* in 1968 (directed by Roman Polanski).

A New Yorker by birth, Castle turned up in Hollywood in 1939 after spending time producing and writing, and went on to produce or direct over 100 films. His credits up to 1956 include *The Whistler* (1944), *Mark of the Whistler* (1944), *The Crime Doctor's Warning* (1945), *Mysterious Intruder* (1946), *The Gentleman From Nowhere* (1948), *The Fat Man* (1951), *Serpent of the Nile* (1953), *Slaves of Babylon* (1953), *Battle of Rogue River* (1954), *The Americans* (1955) and *Unsublim* (1956).

In 1958 Castle brought out the first of his gimmicky films *Masters*; this one guaranteed the audience 'One thousand dollars in case of death by fright'. A gruesome horror film involving burying people alive, this picture blazed the trail in assaulting the cinegoer with outrageous publicity saturation ('If a frightens you to death—you'll be buried free of charge'). Following this was *House on Haunted Hill*, which must be the heaviest of heavy-handed old dark house chaffers. Here, Vincent Price comes across as his most malevolent while inviting a motley selection of guests to stay the night in a ghostly mansion. 'See it with someone with warm hands' claimed the publicity. During the film's original release, the gimmick was to have (at the appropriate time in the film) a television screen out of the screen and fly



Above: the terrified heroine (Audrey Dalton) cowers before the knife in *Mr. Barkin* (1962). Below: *Mr. Barkin* (Gay Ruffe) contemptuously tears away from one of his victims. Right: she has (David Dalton) tries to fight off the ghost insects in *Bag* (1955).



over the heads of the audience; this cheap-theatrical process was called 'Emergo' by Castle.

Castle's next one, *The Tingler*, had an even more bizarre gimmick to it. The story basically concerns a doctor (Vincent Price, again) who is trying to find what actually makes a person scared. He soon discovers that it is a not-so-little contopod-like creature ('the tingler') that attaches itself to the spine. At one stage of the plot he succeeds in capturing the creature but it escapes and gets loose in a cinema. At this point Castle's effects went into action. The scene is where the Tingler crawls over the legs of a cinema audience and then slowly starts climbing up a girl's leg—a switch is thrown in the real cinema and a

gentle single of electricity buzzes every member of the viewing audience in their pre-wired seats. One can imagine the audience's reaction to this gimmick, during *The Tingler's* first-run release.

Special 'ghost-viewers' were given to the audience when they went to see Castle's 13 Ghosts, in 1960. This little 3-D type device enabled the audience to see the title characters in a process they called 'Haddon-O' ('See the ghosts in Ecoplasma color'). On seeing this film, when it first opened, the posters warned you 'If you should only count 12 ghosts on the screen don't feel cheated—One of them likes to mingle with the audience'.

In '61 he followed with *Homicidal* and



Desk



Mr. Sardonicus, both atmospheric black and white productions *Homicidal*, quite an effectively scary picture, featured a 'Fright Break' whereby the audience were given a chance to get the hell out of it before Castle delivered the gruesome goods. The 'Fright Break' appeared in the form of a small clock ticking away sixty-seconds on the screen in preparation for the film's final big shock sequence. The production was styled very much in the tradition of Hitchcock's *Psycho*, the plot structure particularly Mr. Sardonicus, based on the story by Ray Russell, was in the same mould as *The Man Who Laughs*, featuring Guy Rolfe as the title character with a permanent grin like a skull.



Fear in the night: A grisly corpse springs to life in Castle's 1959 film, The Tingler

Castle followed through with *Zeta* (1962), *13 Frightened Girls* (1963), and *The Old Dark House* (1963), the latter a co-production remake of the famous James Whale film with Hammer. This one was generally played for laughs ('The ghost doesn't walk in this family - it runs riot!').

1963's *Strait-Jacket* featured the late Joan Crawford in a tangle of a story that saw 'her husband . . . her room . . . another woman . . . and the story was . . . so close . . .'. The *Night Walker*, with Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, and *I Saw What You Did*, with Joan Crawford and John Ireland, continued Castle's line of chillers.

His television work included the role of

producer-director on the *Man of Annapolis* series and producer on the *Meet McGraw* series. Most recently Castle acted as executive producer for NBC-TV's *Ghost Story* (*Cleric of Fear*) series.

Bag, his latest film, received many bad reviews and failed to score at the box-office, and *Shanks* (made in 1973), with Marcel Marceau as a crazed puppeteer who controls dead bodies, has yet to be released in Britain.

In 1976 G. P. Putnam published his autobiography, 'Stop Right Up! I'm Gonna Seize the Pants Off America'. In a preparatory stage, at the time of his death, William Castle had 200 Lakeside Drive lined up for MGM.

Post Mortem



The House of Hammer After having somewhat major interest in this category of film, I think that any comments I make are quite valid. Anyway you asked for comments so here are mine.

All of the comic-strips should be totally erased, there are plenty of horror comics on sale for those who care such. But there are few magazines dealing seriously with horror films. You state these comic-strips are for those who missed the films when first released, but surely this is a childish way of portraying them. I had to wait a number of years till I saw Mr Lee don his cape and fangs. Wouldn't it be better to devote the total waste of space to those who never get much or no recognition for their efforts in this field.

The article on Mr Lee hardly did him credit, but better than nothing. The bibliography was excellent, neat and to the point.

Media McCabe In Vol. 1 No. 4 you went overboard on De Palma in a libelous denuding of his career. Perhaps he was topical before publication? In No. 7 you seemed devoid of news, at the time having a slump? No. 3 had more to offer but you will include the drawer cycle film which are hardly fantastic! Rollerball for instance had an infernal amount of sci-fi in it! No. 4 you persist in news of non-genre films, such as *Airport 77*. No. 5 gave another disaster full coverage and the restore-liners. No. 2 had news of wildlife running amok (*Squirrel*), but are they in the horror-fantasy-sci-fi grouping? Mr Hammer a great composer in the field, had his death covered, like a real from CoF and do a Necrology instead. No. 6 was somewhat better but rather like an news.

Horror Aroused the World No. 1 had a good article on a country title based from. No. 4: good again, but only 1 1/2 pages! Darn! articles like this are truncated to accommodate the broad space given to the comic brigade. No. 2 was rather overrated with titles with multiple storylines, with certain films given more space.

Effectively Speaking: Although these essays give the fan a behind-the-scenes look, it is a

meant effect.

Drinkers of Blood: Much of this article was too familiar to be of interest.

Favourite Things: By Mr Brooker had two films recommended (*It's Alive* and *Deathline*) which were both appalling in taste and content. I see no merit in being physically sickened by such repulsiveness.

Answer Desk: Gives some of the reasons why *MoH* is still in its present form. One being that the under-fives aren't allowed to stay up late. Thus having no intelligent questions to ask, they request pictures! It could get better but I doubt it at the current rate.

Competition Winners: What was so impressive about the number of correct entries no matter how many the entries? It takes no brains or effort to look up what was obviously simple questions. Source material is readily available, either publicly or privately.

The Origin: A review that went the whole hog, of some who have contributed title or nothing to the genre. Mr Brooker denigrates the origins of this film, but should be grateful that they ever got on film to make them so popular to copy.

The Golden Age of Horror: I find Mr Gifford a books better than these tedious series of articles. This contents are banal and chronically familiar to say the least. In one he goes as far as to say that Boris which is hardly a change.

The Devil's Men: Looks hardly worthy of its two male stars, one being Mr Pleasence, another actor badly neglected in an article on his contribution to this field.

Collecting: Should have taken up all of page 33, a lot more could have been said even without the *Termite* inclusion.

Post Mortem: Is the most biased page film is. The patronization is overwhelming and the criticism type. Are the letters hand-picked in favour of *MoH*? If this is so I doubt if this letter gets to see print.

Daughters of the Night: Lacks the courtesy of a title, and one must refer to the contents page to find out what one is reading. Again we have a rating

of old shortlists by someone with a tongue-twisting name.

Frankenstein: Is related out for the umpteenth time as an excuse to include Mr D. Carradine's interpretation. The Gallery idea was incomplete, dig deeper. Who is R. Koder, why has inclusion?

Night of the Living Dead: A good review and follow-up, credit listing should be continued.

Creatures from the Deep: Kicks off by endorsing that *Jaws* was a horror film. Shark attack has no fantasy element and sharks do angle-mindedly go for a specific victim, without being supernaturally inclined. Mr Holmes private life and *Moby Dick* need not have been included. There was padding for a flabby article.

Monsters from the East: Another warty or something new, but let's hope they are not all like *Griseba*.

Terrible Monsters: The is more like it, but what meaning did the title convey to the article? **Deranged**: A good feature article, but will the film get general release? If *Chinatown* is anything to go by, I doubt it.

Madison Monsters: An excellent article, at least we had the titles translated. But again miserably too short.

To the Devil—A Daughter: Gave a lot of coverage to some people who don't figure much in this field. The film was losty anyway and the behind the scenes article revealed nothing new to warrant a 2 page spread.

The Devil's Other Children: Covered the kind of theme prevalent after *The Exorcist*, but included films covered elsewhere, rather repetitiously.

Texas Chainsaw Massacre: Mr Fleming gives a ludicrous review, why review it at all if it's that bad? Except for local showings most of us will probably not see it, so where's the logic? A ludicrous waste of good space better employed elsewhere.

Blood and Guts: A nice title, I don't think the sort of thing gives the genre a bad name. Why include the two westerns which are outside the horror category? Wholly unnecessary except as padding.

The Creases: Another ludicrous review, a total waste

of space. If my comments are a bit caustic they only serve to get a better magazine. Other magazines of this type have waned on the idios and I have been most disappointed with their efforts. The best I managed to obtain for only a short time was *Castle of Frankenstein* which itself was somewhat anemic. I hope my effort is getting through to you and yours will not end up in the waste basket.

W. K. Binalay,
address unknown.

In answer to the lengthy *missive* from Mr Brooker (who chose not to give his address when writing it), the following was prepared with the thought of offering every reader an insight on the general intentions and policies involved in the production of *House of Hammer* magazine.

Illustrated Fantasy and Flood fantasy are, contrary to popular belief, closely related. Both utilize dramatic visuals to depict a story and have for a long time borrowed themes, stories, and characters from each other, in terms of *Flood* adaptations, consider *Flash Gordon*, *Ramen, Danger, Dinosaur, Tales From the Crypt*, etc. The other end of the line brings you, for example the American *Illustrated* publications on *Logan's Run*, 2001: *A Space Odyssey*, *Planet of the Apes*, etc. Sadly *Braine* must be the only country, these days that still relives the rosy tradition of *Illustrated* stories being for either magazine or the under-tens. In offering an *Illustrated* coverage of early *Hammer* films, *MoH* has never considered itself to be catering for the "Buffs the Best" contingent!

Obviously the article on Christopher Lee was in no way intended as the definitive breakdown of the actor's career. In terms of critical evaluation this approach, surely, would be best left to the authors of handbook books who can act as a neutral membership (the Chris Lee fans) and have the page-count to enable in-depth analyses of each film. An important point to consider on this topic, is that it is unrealistic to presume that one's

appreciation of a certain subject or film is automatically universal. Besides, there is now approximately 15 years of accumulated literature available on every aspect of Christopher Lee, so any further pursuit would result in dogmatism.

Director Brian DePalma: How suddenly a cult figure he has been contributing imaginative films to the genre well before his recent "commercial" venture, *Carnie*. It is only unfortunate that a mere handful of aficionados were able to pick up on and enjoy his earlier material (*Blood Sisters*, *Obsession*, *Murder à l'Mode*, etc.) so it is only logical that when an opportunity arose to detail DePalma's talents in print we went ahead. From your comment Mr. Binsley, one would have thought that you (having "a somewhat prior interest") would have been at least conversant of the creative Mr. DePalma.

"Guns for Hire" comes very much into the fantasy category, unless the film deals with an actual event, then it would be either a documentary or a dramatization. Until Los Angeles is devastated by an *Earthquake*, the film is sheer fantasy, until there is a 13th-story building in San Francisco, and it also happens to catch fire. *Towering Inferno* can be nothing else but fantasy. Anything that is set in the future, scientifically based or otherwise again falls into the fantasy genre. A horror film (horror is a more suitable term), needless to say, is a film where there is a deliberate attempt to frighten or unsettle the audience. *Jaws*, like *Psycho*, was made with the intention of spooking the hell out of the audience.

"Tron: Across the World" also spelt an illuminating the fantasy-film output of certain cineaste-registered countries, with the emphasis on films that rarely make it to these shores. The general theme of the articles is to associate the reader with the various film channels and plot structures relating to the particular country it acts as a break from the more familiar Anglo-American productions and actors.

Effectively Speaking was a section purely devoted to the special effects. By covering this area of filmmaking in a way that can be accepted and understood by the majority of English-speaking people the reader is given an insight to an otherwise neglected field.

John Brown's My Favorite Things is pure and simply a selection of reflective thoughts by the author on films not unknown to the masses. When a

cineaste audience leaves the theatre after viewing a film each person takes with them (hopefully) enough moments of pleasure and disgust. Only a small few will have thoughts that coincide and it would be absurd to expect everyone to fall in with one's own conclusions.

The purpose of *Answer Desk* is to supply exactly what the reading public craves. If the reply to a reader's request is by way of detailed information, then the answer appears in the text. If an illustration can fully or partially answer the question, the appropriate art is posted. The section serves simply to offer various readers information (visual or otherwise) they may not easily find elsewhere.

Regarding the *Competition Winners*, Mr. Binsley, their names were put into print by way of acknowledging them for the magazine for their efforts in attempting the quiz. Your comments on this seem to make it obvious that you must consider yourself an idiot among fantasy-film buffs, probably not wanting to place yourself alongside the "youngsters"!

The Omen was filmed and then reviewed by John Brennan with the critical evaluation based on his experience as a film critic and genre authority. Reviews are usually enjoyable to some and pleasing to others never intended to offend and humble the reader.

Denis Gifford's Golden Age of Horror may shortly be appearing in book form, adding to his already popular list of literature on the genre. Needless to say, it will sell as successfully as all his other works, proving that there is always a market (and readership) to make welcome such material. If you Mr. Binsley ever reached a higher intellectual plane and now find this sort of material bland then your reading matter must be extremely limited.

Collecting memorabilia, a lot more can be said about everything, if your aim is to cater for an eclectic minority. This piece was usually intended as an introduction to potential collectors and any further detailing of the subject would simply add to the already involved task of assembling a goodly section of the readers.

Contrary to parallel belief that all letters of comment that appear in periodicals are "discarded", it is the psychology of 85-90% of letter-writers to say something appreciative rather than condemnatory. It is pleasing not to hear that mainly induces readers to write in to a publication, so magazine editors (should

they even be inclined) have no need to resort to "propaganda" tactics in their Letters Columns. Should we actually receive an intelligently-constructed letter criticizing any part of the magazine, if only to show us bias, we would print it.

The apparent lack of a title-heading for "Daughters of the Night" is literally one of those errors that develop during the printing process, in this case too late along the schedule to rectify. This article was aimed at taking a retrospective look at the growth and development of an important ingredient in films of public fantasy. Maybe the sub-section discussed was too static for Mr. Binsley? Also, should the author decide to blend in with his environment he could always adopt an Anglo-Saxon pseudonym.

Monsters From The East! Onibaba: another example of Mr. Binsley's attitude toward films of fantasy and Cinema in general. Kaneto Shindo's *Onibaba* is one of the most beautifully constructed, atmospheric excursions into the Oriental approach to fantasy filmmaking ever seen; maybe *Horror at Party Beach* or *Corpse Grinder* are more at Mr. Binsley's cultural level!

According to the comment on *To the Devil... A Daughter*, it seems that Mr. Binsley would prefer to only hear about horror-fantasy films that contain actualised genre performance (what few there are left). Surely the film itself is more important in terms of what it has to offer to the buffs than who it actually cast in the picture; the success of *The Omen* is a good example.

The Times Chalcovse Magazine review is the very critic John Fleming read (whether it be good, bad or ugly) and was included for the strict purpose that it may not be widely released throughout the U.K. If you are the first you presume to be then you would be interested in all prize lists, whether you think you'll ever get to see them or not.

Mr. Binsley, what is it that makes a particular film valid for inclusion in a horror-fantasy film periodical? If one has to be selective then one would result with a myopic viewpoint of what is happening in the genre. No-one will ever find a publication that appeals 100% to them; there will always be something that doesn't match your point of view. The best one can hope to achieve with a reader is to draw some form of reaction be it pleasure or (unfortunately) displeasure. In either category the aim is entertainment.

If I like to command your fantastic artists, they are doing a superb job. Just the other day I was comparing the art in *Hall* with that in an American magazine and there was just no comparison. *Hall* was so much more professional in its style.

The feature I enjoy most in *Hall* is The Golden Age Of Horror by Denis Gifford and I feel it would be a mistake to concentrate solely on current horror in the cinema.

Keep up the excellent work!
Edward Hiller,
Taunton,
Somerset.

After the great artwork in *The Quartermain Experiment* and *The Curse of The Were-wolf*, the artwork on *The Gorgon in House of Hammer* 11 had to be the poorest on a main strip published in *Hall*. I found it both static and uninspiring.

Much better was the Van Helsing *Terror Talk*, "Lair of the Dragon" drawn by Brian Lewis, who seems to have an affinity with ancient weapons and armors. After seeing his magnificent dragons, I hope that if you ever get round to doing an adaptation of *One Million Years BC* you will assign him the job.

John Milburn,
Heburn,
Tyne and Wear.

If you're a regular reader, John, you'll know by now that we did "get round to doing" *One Million Years BC* in *Hall* 16. However, the artwork was handled by John Bolton, but Brian did manage a look in, turning in another magnificent cover for that issue. Perhaps when we adapt Hammer's *White Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth*, Sean will be able to find time for the full artwork.

I recently read *House of Hammer* 11 and I can only say it was brilliant. The film adaptation was truly excellent. Please convey my congratulations to Trevor Goring and Alberto Cuyas for turning in some really magnificent artwork.

Raymond Kell,
Galesburg Moor,
Co Durham.

Address all letters of comment to:
POST MÖTTELL, House of
Hammer, 128-141 Windsor
Street, London W1.

Feature by John Fleming

A little old lady goes out one day with her shopping trolley and a big bag of prunes. She goes to a building site and watches the man working. One construction worker is riding up the side of the uncompleted building, standing on a steel beam. Suddenly, the cable snaps. The beam falls. The man plummets hundreds of feet. An ambulance arrives with a stretcher.

"Better get a sack," the ambulance men are told.

The old lady goes back home. The blind man who has been watching goes home too.

Hanebodies is a genuine thriller. It is about a group of old people who, at first, murder strangers, then each other.

Producer Marshall (sic) Backler started his career by making the Oscar-nominated short, *Skateboarder*. It was the story of a young boy who loves his skateboard. Then he meets romance, in the form of a 30-year-old girl on a bicycle with braces in her teeth. Romance triumphs.

Backler's next production was the extremely odd *Pretty Poison*, in which Tony Perkins, and Tuesday Weld's homicidal fantasies turn into reality.

Then he joined educational and documentary director Larry Yust to film *Trick Baby*, the story of a fair-skinned negro woman's revenge on white society. It was based on a book by "Iceberg Slim" (Robert Beck, a black pimp-turned-writer).

Backler and co-producer James R. Lewis sold *Trick Baby* to Universal for more than twice its cost. So, smelling success, they again teamed with director Larry Yust.

The result, **Hanebodies**, was made in

1971, but has hardly been seen in Britain. It was filmed in Cincinnati or, as the city used to be nicknamed, "Porkopolis" (it was the largest US pork-packing centre in the nineteenth century). A boring city and an interesting film.

A group of old people have been living contentedly in an apartment house for decades. But now the whole street is being knocked down and the people who live there are to be moved out into "nice clean rooms" elsewhere.

"They'll come for us tomorrow," says one of the oldsters. "I remember how it was."

There's always dot now. The sound of their conversation is almost drowned out by the pneumatic drills and hydraulic machinery on the nearby building site, where the huge new office block is rising slowly.

At least, it was rising slowly. But now, because of the accident, work on the site has stopped. The old people can enjoy peace and quiet again.

"A man died," explains the little old lady. "I'd given him some prunes."

There are six oldsters in the house. The friendly, push-like, prune-pusher is Mattie. The blind old man at the building site was Mr. Blakely. Then there is Mr. Sandy, an old man who has spent the last 15 years in the house vainly working on his memoirs. His room is crammed with thousands of papers and hundreds of books. There is Miss Emily, who talks to her father despite the fact he is long-since dead and buried. She hasn't been out of the house for 20 years. Last, but not least, there are Mr and Mrs Loomis. Everyone is being moved out



Above: the Property Tycoon and his wheelchair swings a heavy cogset on an intruder.

tomorrow, the building is going to be knocked down. But Mr Loomis is obsessively re-painting the outside of the house.

Next day, a young girl comes from the local Council to arrange for everyone to leave. But they all refuse. To force them out, the girl gets all gas, light and water supplies cut off.

"That girl doesn't worry about us," says Mattie. "There's no question for us to worry what happens to them."

Mattie is played by Paula Treisman, a 76-year-old actress who appeared in *Paint Your Wagon*, the *Andersen Tapes*, *On a Clear Day*... etc. She is well known in US TV commercials and has understandably been called "a kind of B-picture Ruth Gordon." Mr Blakely is played by Peter Brocco. The face is familiar, even if the name isn't; he has appeared in over 200 movies and 300 TV programmes. Other than these two, though, the cast are unknown as far as British audiences are concerned. All the more for going for it is a very detailed, cluttered set and very eccentric plotting.

Mattie goes back to the building site the next day. Three men enter a cage-lift on the outside of the uncompleted building. They rise smoothly up and up. Then, there's a



The oldsters hide in the cellar as the demolition machines rumble into action.

HOI



skilled in concrete. Right: Mattie (Paula Trueman) & Zesty (William Haines).

sudden electrical explosion. The men are "fried like bacon." Someone, in panic, cuts off the power supply. The lift falls hundreds of feet onto the concrete below. The \$50 million project is closed down again. The men go home. Silence reigns.

Next day, the girl social worker arrives with police to evict the old people from their house. Trouble is expected. But the oldsters are docilely waiting, perfectly happy to go. They are all taken to a vast, featureless modern block—their new home. All, that is, except Mattie and Miss Emily. They have disappeared.

The young social worker in her pure white dress goes back to find them. They must be hiding in the house. Down in the dark, shadowy cellar? No. She climbs the stairs as the detective did in *Psycho*. Nothing. Except a figure half-seen in the shadows behind her. On the first floor, a door creaks. The girl goes innocently into the room like a lamb to the slaughter. But there's no-one there.

She crosses the corridor to another room. Completely empty. No furniture. Just wallpaper, curtains and creaking floorboards. She opens a cupboard.

A long, sharp knife is pushed into her stomach by a small figure. The knife goes straight through her body; its sharp point



MEBODIES

comes out of her back.

Miss Emily pulls the knife out. Blood begins to soak the fabric of the girl's white dress. She falls to the floor.

By the time night has fallen, all six oldsters are back in their house. But now there's a problem: How to get rid of the body. So they steal a wheelchair from the local park while its occupant is unconscious.

They put the stiff, dead girl in it and wheel her off to a bridge, where she is thrown into a passing train.

Later that night, the property tycoon who is financing the \$30 million office complex visits his trouble-torn site. He meets an old lady who persuades him to come to a boarded-up house. "It's important," she keeps telling him. She has a packet of prizes in her hand.

When he enters the house, a noose tightens round his legs. He flies up the stairwell, caught like a tiger, hanging upside-down. If the rope is cut, he will fall, head-first, storey-by-storey down onto the floor. His head will split open. The old people stand around him at the top of the stairwell. He yells:

"These old buildings are coming down and there's nothing you can do about it!" The oldsters are suspicious. Frightened, he promises new flats with garbage disposal systems. No reaction. Nothing seems to have any effect. He threatens the oldsters with the police.

His captors let him down. They bind and gag him. They put him in their stolen wheelchair and take him across to his own unfinished office building. They take him up to the very top. To the very edge of the building. They're going to throw him off the building? No. They put him in a large box and bring over a hosepipe. Out of the



The Social Worker meets a grisly end at the hands (and knife) of Miss Emily (Frances Fuller)

pipe, surging, spurting, comes grey, liquid cement. He starts to gurgle through his gag as the level of the cement rises. One of the kind old ladies mops his brow. Then the grey liquid covers him.

"I hope they put enough lime in it," says one of his murderers. Then someone sees the tip of one of the dead man's shoes sticking out of a hole in the box.

"Well, there's only one thing to do."

A sharp fire-axe slices off the tip of the shoe—and the dead man's toes. The box is tidied-up, grey concrete mixing with red blood. And the toes are popped into a pocket for safe-keeping.

The next day, despite the disappearance of the project's boss, the demolition men return. Machines start to destroy the row of houses where the oldsters are hiding. The most destructive machine is one which uses a huge iron ball to knock down walls.

The day after that, as the demolition expert starts to swing the iron ball towards a house, the chain gives way. The ball flies off and lands on a portable toilet hut. Inside, someone has been caught with his trousers down.

All this violence is too much for Mrs Looman. She goes to tell the police what is happening. But, as she leaves the house, there is a noise above her. She looks up. A silver urn filled with a loved-one's ashes

hurles down from an upstairs-window. It hits Mrs Looman on the head, knocking her unconscious to the ground.

The oldsters are now turning on each other and it is too much for Mr Sandy. He goes to his room where, amid piles of ageing newspapers, he starts to type a letter. He doesn't see, behind him, a figure with a cudgel. Mattie raises the murder-weapon and brings it down onto Mr Sandy's head with a thud.

Miss Emily, terrified, flees the house and runs—or rather totters—out into the daylight for the first time in 20 years. She is chased by her remaining accomplices. But one of the hunters soon becomes the hunted and, after a chase across a lake in pedal boats, a watery grave awaits one of the oldsters. Or, it *seems* to. Because the film features a return from the dead and a sting in the tail. You'll have to see it to believe it. Whether you can see it depends on that near-mythical beast: The British Distributor.

HOMEODIES (1973)

Paula Trueman (as Mattie), Frances Fuller (Miss Emily), Peter Brocco (Mr Alaker), William Herson (Mr Sandy), Ruth McDowall (Mrs Looman), Ian Wolfe (Mr Looman).

Directed by Larry Yost. Produced by Marshall Backler. Screenplay by Larry Yost, Howard Kazinsky and Bennett Stan. Distributed by Elemental Cinema. Time: 96 mins. Certificate X.



Mrs Looman (Ruth McDowall) looks up in terror to see a heavy silver urn hurtling down towards her.

DRACULA LIVES AGAIN

The role made an international star out of Bela Lugosi in 1931 and 27 years later it did the same for Christopher Lee.

Even the infrequent cinema-goer knows immediately that this refers to the now-legendary character of Count Dracula.

And now, another 19 years on, the cape and fangs have found a new owner. But for neither a relatively unknown actor or widescreen theatrical release.

If you've bought your HoH before the Christmas holiday period, grab hold of a copy of *Radio Times* and prepare for a surprise...

BBC TV have made a new version of **Count Dracula** (co-financed with America's WNET).

"It's been knocking around for a long time," says producer Morris Barry. "It was offered to two other producers. One, unfortunately, was Martin Lisemore (of *L. Claudias*) who died in a car-crash. So somebody else took it on—Tony Coburn (of *Feldark*)

who unfortunately died of a heart-attack."

The production was originally planned as a 4-part serial, then a 3-part; then a single long play. It is now to be transmitted around Christmas in a 2½ hour version, then repeated next year as a 3-part serial.

"I don't know when it's going out," says Barry. "I hope after the Nine O'Clock News, not before I think it might frighten quite a number of people. There will be an enormous number of visual effects, with stakes going through people's hearts, heads getting cut off and so on."

The production schedule was six days at BBC Television Centre, with one week's filming at the BBC Film Studios in Ealing and three weeks on location in Whithy, Northumberland and London.

Whithy is still very much as it was in the 19th century, but the boat sequences have been filmed in a BBC studio.

"We've got a new technique for model shooting," says Morris Barry. "BBC Visual Effects are not using water for waves, they're using plastic. I think it's come off marvellously."

Who is starring as the evil Count Dracula? Louis Jourdan, clean-cut star of *Gigi*.

"I think it's invidious," says Barry. "He's not immediately horrifying. He's a very charming, benign, good-looking man. But there's something slightly odd. Then it builds up. The way director Philip Saville has done it, one gets a flash of what he might become. Did I or did I not see fanged teeth?"

What does producer Morris Barry think of the previous Draculas?

"Our one is completely different from the first one, *Nonferat*, in 1923. The Bela Lugosi one in 1931 started off rather well, but was really rather silly. You'll see plenty of blood in our version. Times have changed. I think it will be quite frightening, quite terrifying."

Don't miss... STAR ROARS in...



MAD No. 191
On sale February 27th

VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

A SPOT OF BLOOD



Script: Donna Novelli Artwork: Patrick Wright

CAN'T FACE IT
AND THEY'LL NEVER
TRACE ME

CRIMINAL'S PRINCIPAL LOSS
OF NERVE (CONDEMNED HIS
INJURED VICTIM TO DEATH)

AS SOON AS HE GOT HOME, CRIMINAL PRISONED
HIMSELF THE EVIDENCE...

THAT'S DOO I
DIDN'T NOTICE THAT
SPOT OF BLOOD...

HIT and run fatality.
Hospital technician
bleeds to death in ditch.
Guilty motorist could have
saved his life, say police.

A WEEK LATER, JOHN CRIMINAL'S
NIGHTMARE BEGINS

HEY! NO
CUTTING IN!

INSTANT IS
WHAT IT SAYS, MAN
AND INSTANT IS WHAT
I NEED

WHAT THE HELL?
CAN'T BE THE SAME
SPOT OF BLOOD
CAN IT?

WATER
SLASHED
SLASHED ACROSS
THE STAINED WINDOW

BUT ONE MORNING, A WEEK
LATER

SO LATER THE SAME DAY

THAT'S GOT RID
OF THE FETTER THING
IF IT WAS REALLY
THREE

OH NO. IT'S THREE
AGAIN. TWO FRESH LIKE
IT JUST SQUIRTED FROM
THE GUY'S VEIN'S

IS IT ON THE
GLASS? OR IN MY
HAND? GOT TO STOP
THIS. BECAUSE IT OBTAINS
ME CRIMINAL

TAKE A DISLIKE
TO THE ONE, LEAVE
YOU, BLISS?

YOU COULD
SAY THAT? JUST HIS
ME UP WITH ANOTHER
ONE, RIGHT?

THE NEXT TWO WEEKS WERE UNWINDING, AND CROUCH GOT HIS NEXT CASE.

UH-HH. THIS IS THE ROAD WHERE IT HAPPENED. BUT HELL, WHAT HAVE I GOT TO WORRY ABOUT?



ONE THROAT-LOCKED HAND GRAB ON THE WHEEL, CROUCH SLEWED THE CAR INTO THE DITCH.



THE ANSWER TO CROUCH'S QUESTION WAS... PLENTY.



OH GOD— WHO'S DOING THIS? WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH ME?



YOU EXPECTED CROUCH TO BE KILLED, DIDN'T YOU? RA. BUT YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THE STORY YET.

THE PROSECUTOR GOT CROUCH TO THE HOSPITAL IN TIME.

HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD. HE'LL NEED AN IMMEDIATE TRANSFUSION.



I'LL GET A BOTTLE OF PLASMA.

BUT THE HOSPITAL TECHNOLOGY WASN'T FOR A SNACK.



HUH? EVERY LAST BOTTLE IN THE BLOOD-BANK SMASHED OVER—TURNED... EMPTIED!



I TELL YOU THERE'S NOT A DROP OF PLASMA IN THE HOSPITAL!

THEN WE'VE LOST THE PATIENT! WITHOUT THAT TRANSFUSION, MR. CROUCH IS A DEAD MAN...



DON'T ASK ME HOW THE BLOOD-BANK GOT EMPTIED! I'M NOW HERE! MAYBE IT WAS THE FAULT OF THE TECHNOLOGY AND I'D THIS JOB BEFORE ME. THE ONE WHO DIED LAST MONTH IN THAT HIT-AND-RUN ACCIDENT...

THE END.

HOUSE OF HAMMER BARGAIN BASEMENT

MAD BACK ISSUES

GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST! Hereby we bring out all our down issues of MAD (No. 149) our Halloween issue (No. 179) and our Xmas One issue (No. 181) and stocks are dwindling fast as many of the editors. But we've managed to get our hands on a quantity of new caught when returns dating back to early 1979. (Issues 157, 161 and 182.)

This is your chance to see the much talked about MAD version of our very own Dr. Who (157) not to mention what MAD did to The Twerking Infants and The Great Gatsby.

All back issues are 25p each (including postage) and are available from the address below. Cheques/postal orders made payable to Tony Selous Ltd.



144 NEAR MACHINE



151 GODFATHER 2



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167 THUNDER



169 HOW I FOUGHT IT



171 NO. 100 MAD



181 IRELAND



177 THUNDER ROAD



179 CUCKOO'S NEST



175 2001



172 STAR TREK



176 HAPPY DAYS



178 HOME WOMAN



180 THE GNAT



161 STARGATE



162 THEATRICAL



163 MANHATTAN MAN



164 ONASSIS



165 ROAD TO NOWHERE



166 BETWEEN



167 CHARLIE'S ANGELS

POSTER MAGS

The following are full colour magazines, each containing an eight page fold out poster. 35p ea.



MM vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



MM vol 2 No 2 Line Poster 35p ea



MM vol 2 No 3 Line Poster 35p ea



Sav 1 vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



Sav 2 vol 2 No 2 Line Poster 35p ea



Sav 3 vol 2 No 3 Line Poster 35p ea

HORROR COMICS AND MONSTER MAGAZINES



HC 1 vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



HC 2 vol 2 No 2 Line Poster 35p ea



HC 3 vol 2 No 3 Line Poster 35p ea



MM 1 vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



Psycho 1 vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



Psycho 2 vol 2 No 2 Line Poster 35p ea

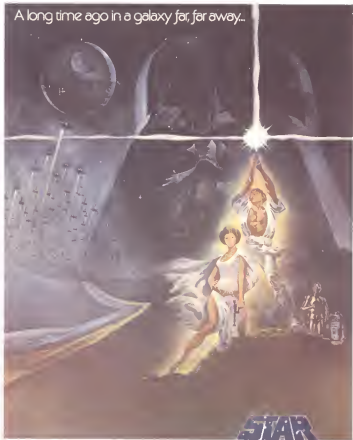


Adventure 1 vol 2 No 1 Line Poster 35p ea



Adventure 2 vol 2 No 2 Line Poster 35p ea

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...



**STAR
WARS**